The Weekly Tribune.

NEWS SUMMARY

WAR NEWS.

From Gen. Hunter's Army.

Our Special Dispatch from Chattanooga, dated Saturday, the 10th, says there has been no hostile demonstration on the part of the Rebels since the 8th. Under instruction on the south-eastern slope of Lookout Mountain have been whitewashed, and our guns have moved forward to remove the embrasures from Missionary Ridge. Intercepted reports from Richmond to Wheeler, to the Rebel Army on the 8th was between the Georgia troops, who refused to cross the Tennessee, and the Regular troops. The Rebel pickets direct in speech and some loss on Sunday. Our party, accompanied by a Sentinel, was in on the 10th and reported that the Rebels were moving in considerable numbers, with a view to delegating our army by a flank movement. Longstreet's corps is reported, and the Rebel army concentrated on Dragg's army. Rebel engagements have taken place between Longstreet and Gen. Foth in which he succeeded. He speaks of an enthusiastic welcome to Longstreet's troops, and of their enthusiasm in the Department, and claims the effect will be disagreeable. Rebel will soon be recognized. Longstreet.

Andiquish has been received from Gen. Rosecrans, giving an account of the Rebel attack on Chattanooga, reporting night raid on Sunday by the Rebels. It appears that the Rebels made a shameful raid of provoke shooting of an old man a long distance. Rebels were affiliated to be whether they were firing a salute or building Rebel attack on the strength of the Rebel. Rebels were engaged, and all kept at their work without the least interruption. There is no official information of the Rebel statement that two of our bridges after the Department has made arrangements to do the Rebel Telegraphic communication between Nashville and Bowling has been restored.

Complete official returns from the infantry engaged in the late battle have been received at the Central Headquarters, and give the following explanation:

Thomas's Corps—Fourteenth.

	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.
Officers	41	187	3
Enlisted men	1,000	4,817	1,000
Aggregate	1,041	5,004	1,003

Sixteenth Corps.

	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.
Officers	34	148	2
Enlisted men	1,000	4,817	1,000
Aggregate	1,034	4,965	1,002

Total loss of four corps, 3,078 killed and 14,969 wounded. The loss of the army of the Cumberland, 2,075 killed, the grand aggregate is just about 17,000. Of the 4,000 missing, about 1,000 were killed. Nearly all the pieces of artillery were lost, and a few wagons. Rebels purpose of the 10th, 20th, 21st and 22d Ohio Regiments, the whole loss will be about 20,000, but partial returns published by the United Rebels, that it is impossible.

Gen. Crook's official report of his pursuit, the Rebel, and loss of Wheeler's force, and the loss of Gen. Sherman's communications, is received. Gen. Crook had taken with him the cavalry, mounted infantry and one, and finally succeeding his force in every direction, and the Rebel force in the rear of Sherman's army, and had prisoners, besides the wounded. Gen. Crook says he never saw such a demoralized, and claims that loss in the pursuit was not less than 2,000.

From Gen. Burnside's Army.

A letter dated from Charleston, Tuesday, gives the report that there was actual fighting on the Rebels in their up the Tennessee with surprises, either of which inflicted any serious damage on the rebels. The extent of the damage was breaking down the bridge and killing some. The Rebel forces have taken possession in the Rebel that the Tennessee is so fully fortified that it is a stronger. This brigade was at least from yet, and. The vessel in which it was intended was dropped into a hole in the channel and about 50 feet long. The torpedo contained 60 pounds of powder. The engineers had been a month in preparing, and was seized The Rebel, as certain were the Rebels of its successful operation. Gen. Burnside's attacks. The Rebel Fort Johnson had again been shelled. A similarly visited shot entered one of the vessels on the 7th, and discharged the gun behind it.

It now appears that the Rebels have been a perfect blockade in Charleston Harbor against our free-clads. They have secured a position in the harbor, and in the manner of a canal with a safety bolt against Union vessels. It was at that time will be impossible for the accumulation of pieces now being made for overcoming these obstructions and reaching the Rebel forces.

A Rebel dispatch from Charleston, of the 6th, speaks of an attack made that day upon the Invincible, damaging the vessel and killing the Rebels. The Rebel means to have been made by the gunboat Colonel and Union as a Rebel force of the Rebel Rebels. There had been little firing for twenty-four hours from the Union works. The work on Sumter has not been about finished.

We have dates from off Charleston of the 10th. Nothing of interest has occurred during the preceding week. The Rebels are hard at work repairing their position on James Island. It is said they have several more of the Invincible class, threatening our vessels in Port Royal Harbor.

From Gen. Meade's Army.

Information from the Army of the Potomac up to 1 o'clock on Tuesday afternoon, states that Rebel pickets Tuesday forenoon had been pushed forward nearly beyond Culpeperville toward Warrenton; that the war in Northern Virginia was now at a standstill, and that our troops were merely standing around in very pleasant quarters. Gen. Meade's headquarters are at Jeffers the Rebel security from Culpeperville to beyond Richmond Hill, on the Rappahannock, and gives the following explanation:

Disposition of Our Forces—Portsmouth.

	Officers.	Men.
Reserve Corps	1,000	8,000
Sixth Corps	1,000	8,000
Fifth Corps	1,000	8,000
Second Corps	1,000	8,000
Total	4,000	32,000

Sixth Corps—Portsmouth.

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Sixth Corps	1,000	8,000
Fifth Corps	1,000	8,000
Second Corps	1,000	8,000
Total	4,000	32,000

Two brigades of Gregory's Reserve Corps, engaged early in the afternoon, and the Rebel force, Rebel force, Gen. Meade's Rebel force, Rebel force, Rebel force,

The Weekly Tribune.

NEW-YORK, WEDNESDAY, OCT. 21, 1863.

THE MEANING OF IT.

For once, a very general concord is evinced by the leading journals of the loyal States with regard to the moral and the meaning of the Popular Verdict embodied in the results of our recent Elections. However discordant their utterances and inculcations before the event, the unanimity of their subsequent expositions is striking. Condensed into the fewest words, it is agreed by those journals that

I. These results do not constitute a *Republican* triumph, though ninety-nine-hundredths of all who ever were Republicans undoubtedly contributed to achieve them. But the Republican party, organized to resist the extension of Slavery into Territories previously uncursed with it, has, by the progress of mighty events, become practically obsolete. Very few voted for Curtin or Brough or Stone with any controlling reference to the distinctive Republican dogma.

II. Nor do they proclaim those who united to produce them, in the primary sense of the term, *Abolitionist*. No one doubts that the number of these has been rapidly and constantly increasing ever since the Rebel batteries opened upon Major Anderson's little force in Fort Sumter. We presume a majority of the people of the loyal States, with *all* the hearty Unionists of the Slave States, are by this time convinced that either Slavery or the Union must die, and they decidedly prefer that the Union shall live. But this was not what they voted in decreeing the results of the October Elections.

III. Nor was this result an indorsement of what are termed "Arbitrary Arrests." We infer that a great majority of the voters of Ohio consider Vallandigham a nuisance which they are glad to see abated, and much prefer that he should remain during the War in Canada or in Dixie rather than have him back in their State. But a good many who voted against him and rejoice over his defeat would have preferred, for the sake of the precedent, that he had been left to preach disloyalty to his heart's content, just as T. H. Seymour, Fernando Wood, Brooks, Burr, Schnabel, &c., &c., have been. They consider every straight out Rebel-sympathizing speech a benefit to the Union cause, and are resigned to endure the din of Treason for the sake of the good that results from its naked exhibition. It is false that Vallandigham was nominated *because* of his arrest by Gen. Burnside; his nomination had been agreed on long before that. His arrest only silenced the vigorous resistance that otherwise would have been made to that nomination by loyal Democrats. They could not have beaten him in the Democratic ... him at the polls.

IV. Nor is this—what will in some quarters be claimed for it—a general indorsement of the Federal Administration. It is quite probable that the People would have elected Mr. Lincoln, or some leading member of his Cabinet, had the Presidency been at stake; they doubtless would have done so rather than permit a Vallandigham to triumph over him. But this was not the question they decided last Tuesday. Nor did they intend to applaud and sustain the conduct of the War. On the contrary, many of them believed that it might have been prosecuted more wisely, more vigorously and more effectively. Gen. Halleck may be the greatest strategist that ever "organized victory," but they are not yet sure of it, and did not mean to express any opinion on that point.

V. But they *did* mean to say most emphatically to their fellow-citizens, to their Government, to the Government, and "the rest of mankind"—"THIS ATROCIOUS REBELLION MUST BE PUT DOWN AND THE UNITY OF THE REPUBLIC RESTORED AND MAINTAINED." The result of the October Elections means just that and the whole of it. The Loyal Millions deplore the wanton wickedness, the criminal madness, which has plunged the country into desolation and mourning. They want Peace quite as much as those who "cry Peace where there is no Peace" in grog-shops and Copperhead meetings—they have no ill-will toward the deluded masses at the South, and would rejoice to-morrow over any honorable termination of the War. They take no pleasure in fighting; they do not like to be conscripted, nor taxed, nor to see the fruits of their children's industry taxed to pay the cost of this terrible War. But they have looked the ground carefully over; they have counted the cost; and they have fully resolved that they will sweat blood and gold for the next dozen years rather than submit to the partition of their country at the beck of foul conspiracy and red-handed treason. Apart from that portion of our people—strong only in numbers—who "never vote any other than the regular Democratic ticket, as their fathers did before them"—and who vote Tariff or anti-Tariff, Slavery or anti-Slavery, War or Peace, so that it has the "regular Democratic" label—there is no essential disagreement on this head among the People of the Free States.

We appeal, then, to the friends of the South among us to let the truth be known among those who still cling to the desperate fortunes of the Rebellion. The South has persevered in this struggle, buoyed up by the vain hope of Northern revolution or European intervention; until her soil is a grave-yard and two-thirds of her families in mourning. She has hoped to tire out or wear out the resolution of the North. That hope is a delusion. We are bled; we are taxed; we have mortgaged our property to the extent of a full tenth of its value; we want Peace, but not a Sham Peace—not a Peace that leaves us three thousand miles of zig-zag hostile boundary on the South—a boundary which enables a foreign power to cut us completely in two by a march of three or four days across our border. With Canada in the hands of Great Britain, is there a sane man on earth who imagines that we could allow Wheeling to pass into the possession of another power, which would probably be Great Britain's ally in the next great war made upon us? If the South has a single friend among us who enjoys her confidence, he will now warn her that Disunion will never be submitted to by the loyal States, and urge her to turn her thoughts to speedy Peace on the basis of Reunion.

THE CITIES AND THE UNION.

From Bangor to San Francisco, a great majority of the citizens of seven-eighths of the Cities of the Loyal States have submerged all past political differences in a common and absorbing resolve that the Union shall emerge triumphantly from its present fiery trial. Augusta, Bath, Portland; Portsmouth, Manchester, Concord; Boston, Lowell, Worcester, Springfield; Providence; New-London, Norwich, Middletown, Bridgeport, Norwalk; Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Reading, Erie; Wilmington; Baltimore, Hagerstown, Frederick, Cumberland; Cincinnati, Dayton, Cleveland, Steubenville; Indianapolis, Lafayette, Terre Haute; St. Louis, Jefferson City, St. Joseph; Denver; Virginia City, Genoa; Placerville, Sacramento, Stockton—give decided and often overwhelming majorities for the Union tickets, though many if not most of them were anti-Republican in bygone days, and gave majorities against Lincoln in 1860. They thus vote, not in deference to any party dogma, but in pursuance of their overruling purpose to "sink or swim, survive or perish," with the American Republic and our Federal Union.

Why should New-York, Brooklyn, Albany, with most of the cities of this State and New-Jersey, and part of those of Connecticut, stand in conspicuous exception to this rule? Partly, doubtless, by reason of the intimate and extensive business relations of most of them in past times with the rulers of opinion at the South. The lordly gentlemen from Dixie, who used to favor with their custom our dealers in dry goods and millinery, and who were also liberal purchasers [on long credit] of carriages, saddlery, farm implements, &c., &c., from the cities on either side of us, let it be distinctly understood that they did not bestow their patronage upon those whom they were pleased to stigmatize as "Abolitionists;" wherefore an extensive stampede of men whose pecuniary instincts made them Whigs of twenty years ago into the embraces of Fernando Wood and Capt. Rynders. There are a great many persons, especially in cities, whose religious, political, and all other associations, are purely mercenary—who profess and seem to believe whatever they from time to time suppose most propitious to their own personal fortunes. They live for money, marry for money, dress for money, and spend their days and nights in scheming and dreaming for more cash, more houses, more horses, carriages and fine furniture, and can't conceive that any one should be so "fanatical" as not to be governed entirely and always by like impulses with their own.

Yet even these are, in their own poor way, Unionists. Though their conception of the moral character of the present contest may be very inadequate, they have an exalted, even exaggerated, notion of the pecuniary advantage of our political connection with the South to the Trade and Industry of the North. They seem to fancy that the Southrons came here to buy because we and they lived under the same Federal Government—not because they could obtain what they wanted cheaper here, and on longer credit and poorer security than elsewhere. All these want the Union restored—it is only their lingering, vanishing hope that the Rebels may be coaxed or bought back, that renders them reluctant to demand and sustain a vigorous prosecution of the war.

But one great, inveterate obstacle to the immediate and decided triumph of the Union cause in this and other cities, is the defective—nay, incurably vicious—machinery by which our candidates are now ground out. So long as this shall be retained and deferred to, we shall not and cannot have that general rally to the Union flag that we otherwise might and should have. We mean no disrespect to the many excellent candidates who are presented through our Convention machinery, when we say that it is high time that machinery were utterly repudiated and discarded. Until men shall gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles, that machinery must prove a nuisance and a curse, and must give us, for a large share of our candidates, men who neither command nor deserve the confidence of the community.

Let us suppose Members of Congress were to be chosen next month; by whose votes would our candidates be selected? Notoriously *not* by the more intelligent, considerate, unselfish of our citizens, but by a very different class—by men who have "axes to grind" of some sort, and by the blind tools whom they hire or use to turn the grindstone. The meetings to choose delegates to nominating conventions are farces; their results, if presented as embodying the choice of the voting constituency, are frauds. A rabble of mere hirelings too often make the delegates; their nominee is the man who will pay most for the dubious honor. Of course, we know that this is not always the case; but *the system* tends directly to this, invites it, and, sooner or later, secures it. The only nominations that are likely to be fairly and worthily made are those which nobody wants.

There is just one way of escape from this pestilence—and that is, by an utter repudiation of the Convention system, at least so far as local nominations are concerned, and a resort instead to the practice of nominating by Requisition. Let such citizens of any Congress, Senate or Assembly District as may see fit to do so, unite in a public letter, calling upon the man of their choice to come forward as a candidate. If, as Election approaches, it is found that certain nominations clash—that two or more candidates of like principles are likely, by persistence, to endanger the loss of their district, let their respective friends unite in choosing disinterested and capable umpires to look over the whole ground and determine which candidate shall retire, with discretion to rule off both and present another in their stead. This plan would surely give us far better candidates in the average than we now have, while the chance of getting worse is exceedingly small. Backed by the great conservative Right of Bolting which ought at all times to be freely and fearlessly exercised, it would surely lead to a speedy and signal purification of the political atmosphere, and to a great improvement in the quality of our law-makers.

—If the most eminent Unionists of our City—say Cornelius Vanderbilt, A. T. Stewart, William B. Astor, James Lenox, George Bancroft, Hamilton Fish, Robert B. Minturn, Charles H. Marshall, Morris Ketchum, Francis B. Cutting, &c.—would quietly assemble and, having associated with themselves all whom they judged capable of giving disinterested and valuable counsel as to the choice of candidates, make out a list of persons to be recommended for Senators and Assemblymen from our City, leaving the rival State and local tickets entirely alone, but presenting eminently worthy and every way qualified candidates for the Legislature, who have not been prominent in our past controversies, to be supported simply and unconditionally as Unionists, we believe a majority of them might be elected, and our City thereby made to assume a very different attitude from that she now maintains. We believe that a most salutary and necessary reform would thus be inaugurated—one that would initiate the purification of our corrupt Municipality and save to our tax-payers Millions per annum. Under such auspices, New-York might imitate San Francisco, which was for some years the worst, but has for the last seven years been the best-governed city on the continent—just because those most deeply interested in her well-being resolved that she should be, and went to work the right way to bring it about.

We do not know that anything will, at present, be done in this direction, and presume there will not be. But matters tend so steadily and rapidly from bad to worse that we know there soon *will* be, because there *must*. Thus far, the chronic indisposition of her property-holders and business men to do their duty with regard to public affairs has been the chief obstacle to the good government of our City. Unless they are prepared for a total confiscation of their possessions, this cannot much longer endure.

MR. MASON'S LETTER.

That mine of rich things, Mr. Jeff. Davis's library, has turned up, probably, its richest nugget. Mr. Franklin Pierce and other Northern gentlemen have contributed their mites to history in little epistles of sympathy in the cause of their Southern friends, but it was reserved to Mr. James M. Mason, U. S. Senator from Virginia, to state in precise and unequivocal terms what that cause was. "I am a candidate for the first halter," said Mr. Mason. He knew that he and his friends were plotting treason.

The letter of Mr. Mason will be found in another column of this sheet. The fact it discloses is one long known—that the leading men of the South proposed to inaugurate rebellion and secede from the Union in the event of the election of Gen. Fremont to the Presidency in 1856. It was known, but, like many other facts in the history of treason, was one not easily proved outside of the circle of the traitors themselves. Mr. Mason's letter supplies this evidence. The South was then preparing for revolution. The election of a President on the distinctive principle that Slavery was not to be perpetuated by the Federal Government by its extension into Federal territory, in which the Free Labor of the North had equal rights and equal interests, was to be the signal of the overthrow of the Constitution and the destruction of the Union. The lesson long taught by Mr. Calhoun and his followers—that the moment the slave power ceased to be the Supreme law-giver of the Union, that moment the Union must be destroyed and a new Confederacy, based upon Slavery, be established,—was now to be practically enforced. Gen. Fremont's election was to be accepted as the sign that the times were ripe for Disunion and civil war. The Slaveholders had determined to consent to no Union in which they were not the governing class. Their idea of government was an oligarchy, and so long as that was secure to them they consented to receive it, though under the name of Democracy. But when the people were enlightened enough and strong enough to assert their own rights and the rights of Free Labor in opposition to the privileges of the owners of slaves, then the oligarchy was to be established clearly and distinctly as such, and to the utter destruction of a Republican form of Government. The letters of Pierce, Buchanan and others have shown already how strongly Northern Democratic leaders sympathized with their Southern associates, and these, it is well known, placed great reliance upon the promises of aid, direct and indirect, extended to them by their Northern friends among men and journals.

When Mr. Mason's letter was written, Franklin Pierce was President and Jeff. Davis was Secretary of War. Mr. Floyd's grand larceny of the armament of the United States—the one sole act of that man's life by which he is distinguished—was not, it seems, a brilliant idea of his own, but owes its paternity to the ingenious mind of Mr. Henry A. Wise. When four years later the rebellion actually broke out, at Mr. Lincoln's election, Mr. Davis probably remembered the hint of "liberal construction" that Mason had given him, and set Floyd to work to carry out the great scheme of public theft which Mason had suggested. Congress had authorized the department to change the old-fashioned flint-lock into percussion, and under the pretext of carrying this out, the old flint-lock muskets were to be sent for from the South, and the new arms substituted to be put into the hands of Rebels against the Government. Yet these men sat four years longer in their places in the Senate of the United States, because they and their party were still in the ascendancy, but perfecting, meanwhile, the plot to be put into operation should the occasion still arise in their defeat in a popular election. For fear it would not occur in 1860 they made it by dividing the Democratic party at Charleston, lest the growing strength of the party of Freedom at the North should render rebellion forever impossible.

Mr. Mason's letter thus supplies another missing link in the chain of evidence showing the true history of the Great Rebellion. It probably seemed a small thing to him to do at the moment, but as the only really useful act of his life that we can remember, it will probably be the only one that in a few years will not be forgotten.

WAR ASPECTS.

Whoever has read Secretary CHASE's terse and admirable addresses to the crowds that pressed to greet him during his recent Western trip, must have been freshly reminded of these broad general characteristics of our great struggle:

I. Unionists generally cherish no bitterness toward the great mass of the Southern Rebels. We regard them as the victims of untoward circumstances and a faulty education—as utterly blinded and misled with regard to the incitements and designs of the contrivers of the Rebellion. Were the War to cease to-morrow, the great body of the American people, North and South, respecting each other more than ever before, would be friends within a few months.

II. The Rebellion itself is viewed from our side simply as another of those conspiracies of the few to cajole and despoil the many wherewith all History abounds. The architects of ruin played upon the ignorance of the Southern "Poor Whites" and their hatred of "Negro Equality" to secure their necessary aid in breaking up the Union; this done, they fully purpose to deprive those "Poor Whites" of all political power, which is to be monopolized by the Slaveholding Oligarchy. Detestation of Free Schools, Manhood (White) Suffrage, and every element and feature of Popular Government, is their real impulse to Rebellion. They are firmer believers in the "irrepressible conflict" than Gov. Seward, and preceded Mr. Lincoln in the conviction that "the Union cannot endure half Slave and half Free." Their doctrines, fairly interpreted, assert that Slavery is the most natural and beneficent condition of the Laboring Class, White or Black, and that all who win their bread by muscular exertion ought to have been born and have remained slaves. The *real* corner-stone of the Confederacy is not African Slavery but the enslavement of Labor.

III. Unionists undoubtingly believe that the Rebellion will be put down because they cannot conceive that the peculiar, unnatural aspirations of a mere handful should overbear and blast the material well-being of Thirty Millions of People. If one were to see Lake Erie covering the pinnacle of some lofty mountain, he would naturally say, "This cannot last. Very soon that vast body of water will overspread the subjacent valleys. Stand from under!" So Unionists are seldom daunted or disconcerted by rebuffs or disasters, assured that all *must* come right in the end. For the Union is not susceptible of any such division as the Rebels contemplate; and no man can indicate *any* line of boundary on which the Union can be divided. Give the Rebels the limits they want, and many if not most of the States outside of it would soon be begging for admission into their concern. Restrict them to the territory wherein their adherents are a majority even of the Whites, and they would not be able to hold even so much. They understand this, and are fighting for regions—East Tennessee, for example—utterly averse to their rule. In no conceivable sense is theirs a struggle for the right of Man to Self-Government.

IV. The Emancipation policy, reduced to its primary elements, is a matter of the sheerest necessity. Over about one-third of the population of our country Slavery exerts despotic sway, and has plunged it into the present Rebellion. Though at least half of those Ten Millions are at heart for the Union, their means and their muscles are all tributary to the support of the Rebellion. Now the Proclamation of Freedom supplies Four of these Ten Millions with a peculiar and ample *motive* for wishing well to the Union cause. It says to them, "Help us put down the Rebels, and you shall all be *Free*." Of course, many of them *do* so help, while others are preparing to follow their example so fast as they can. No one can name ten persons who *ever* heartily desired the complete overthrow of the Rebellion, yet are this day hostile to the Proclamation of Freedom. They who *are* thus hostile mainly opposed and condemned the War from the outset, and have missed no opportunity to show why and how it must break down. Every Secessionist, every Secession sympathizer, is an instinctive enemy to the Emancipation policy. *Why* so, if that policy is calculated to strengthen the Rebels and weaken the Union?

V. A complete, beneficent triumph, or utter, disastrous rout and wreck, lies before us—probably at no great distance. We have the noblest cause that ever drew sword from scabbard; and the great mass of our opponents will live to rejoice with us that we did not basely betray nor weakly surrender it. Even the Rebel Oligarchy would be richer and more prosperous if Slavery were forever abolished than they have ever yet been. We fight to maintain the binding force of our Constitution and of Elections under it. Our foes struggle to divide and destroy. Why *should* there be a doubt of the result?

THE NEXT HOUSE.

The Members thus far chosen to the next House of Representatives are politically classed as follows:

Republicans and War Democrats elected mainly by Republican votes	90
Democrats and Bell-Whigs, elected by the combined Opposition vote	72
Border-State men chosen by a mixed vote	14
Vacancy (Albany Dist., N. Y., vice Corning, Dem., resigned)	1
Total 177. *Clear Adm. majority*	3

Among the Border-State men are Gen. Francis P. Blair, jr.—hitherto a Republican—and Col. James S. Rollins, also of Missouri, who was always a Whig, is now a Gradual Emancipationist, and was chosen to the last Congress as a Bell-Everett Unionist. Last year, he had scarcely any opposition. We shall be disappointed if he affiliates with Copperheads.

Nine of the Border-State men are from Kentucky. At least three of these are understood to be friends of the Administration.

Three others are from (Old or Eastern) Virginia, and are believed to be all friends of the Administration.

There are ten Members yet to be chosen—one to fill the vacancy from this State aforesaid; one to represent the State of Delaware in place of Wm. Temple (Opp.), deceased; three from the new State of West Virginia; and five from Maryland. Unless all signs prove deceptive, most of these will be hearty friends of the Administration. We know of no candidate running as a Democrat or Oppositionist in West Virginia, and but one in Maryland.

If any one can figure an anti-Administration organization or working majority out of this state of facts, he is qualified for Professor of Mathematics in a College of Prestidigitation.

A CONSTITUTIONAL GOVERNMENT FOR RUSSIA.

Emperor Alexander of Russia has just signalized his reign by a new reformatory act of the highest importance—an act which, in its bearing upon the progress of Russia, can be only compared with the Ordinance of Emancipation, and which will secure to Alexander in Russian history a place by the side of Peter the Great as among the most illustrious rulers of the nation. He has convoked the Diet of the Grand Duchy of Finland, and opened it personally with a speech, which expresses his confidence in a liberal form of government, and intimates his design to develop liberal institutions first in Finland, and later in other parts of the Empire. The convocation of a Representative Assembly in a Russian Crown land, and still more the tenor of the Imperial address, may be regarded as proofs that the era of absolutism is on the wane in Russia, and that the largest Christian Empire of the world may ere long be converted into a constitutional monarchy.

The Emperor states that his attention has long been engaged with questions of a serious interest to Finland, but that they had to remain in suspense because "their solution demanded the coöperation of the Diet." It was impossible for him to convoke the four Estates (nobility, clergy, burghers, peasants,) during the first years of his reign, but he had, nevertheless, prepared in the meantime drafts of several laws and other administrative matters, to be laid before the Diet. The financial condition of the Grand Duchy is said to be satisfactory. The revenues have always been sufficient for meeting the current expenses, and the considerable increase of the indirect taxes has enabled the Government to make a more liberal provision for the material and moral development of the country. He has authorized the Government of the Grand Duchy to contract a loan for the sole purpose of meeting the claims of the last war, and of providing for the construction of a railroad between Helsingfors and Tavasthus. It is his desire that hereafter no loan shall be contracted without the participation of the Estates of the Grand Duchy, unless a sudden invasion of the country or some other unforeseen public calamity should make it necessary. He further announces that the levying of new taxes will be proposed to the Diet to promote the material prosperity of the nation and to extend the blessings of public education; and he declares it to be "the task of the Diet to decide upon the urgency and extent of these measures."

As many provisions of the fundamental law are no longer adequate for the present state of things, the Emperor has ordered the preparation of an act which will contain explanations and supplements, and which will be submitted to the next session of the Diet, to be convoked three years hence. While maintaining the principles of a constitutional monarchy, more extensive rights will be conceded by the new law to the Diet with regard to the assessment of taxes as well as the privilege of making motions, although the Emperor reserves to himself the right of the initiative in everything relating to changes in the fundamental law. And he concludes with recommending to the representatives to the Grand Duchy to "prove by the dignity, the moderation, and the calmness of their deliberations, that in the hands of a people determined to act in concert with their sovereign for the development of their prosperity, the liberal institutions, far from being a danger, become a guarantee of order and prosperity."

It may be presumed that Alexander would never have used this language unless the introduction of a constitutional form of government into the other parts of the Russian Empire had been fully determined on. We may therefore expect that when he shall succeed in quelling the Polish revolution he will be ready to redeem the pledges given in the correspondence with the Western Powers, and establish for Poland a representative Constitution. The introduction of some kind of Constitution into Russia Proper will probably speedily follow. The issue of a proclamation to that effect was expected about the 20th of September, and it was thought that nine Provincial Diets would be established, as follows: For Finland, at Helsingfors; for Baltic Russia, at St. Petersburg; for Great Russia, at Moscow; for Little Russia, at Kiev; for Southern Russia, at Odessa; for Western Russia, at Vilna; for Poland, at Warsaw; for Eastern Russia, at Kazan, and for Siberia, at Irkoutsk; all these Provincial Diets to be subordinate to a Central Chamber of Representatives of the Empire. Public opinion has been disappointed as to the date of this proclamation; but unless it were in preparation, it is supposed that the Emperor would hardly have made a general profession of faith in the excellencies of a constitutional monarchy.

The constitutional change, which is approaching in Russia, will be one of the great events in the history of the nineteenth century. The progress of Austria for the last two or three years furnishes a very instructive example of how vastly constitutional rule exceeds Absolutism in developing the resources of great countries. Russia needs only to try the experiment, to show that she has under her control elements of strength greater than those of any other European Power.

The Cincinnati Enquirer says:

"We must correct THE TRIBUNE for the second time in regard to the nativity of Mr. Vallandigham. He was born in 1820, in New-Lisbon, Columbiana County, Ohio, and his father was a native of Pennsylvania."

Such being the case, Val. has less excuse for his treason than we supposed.

A CHANGE IN THE MAP OF EUROPE.

Elections have recently taken place in the Ionian Islands in reference to the proposed annexation of the islands to Greece. As yet, we only know the results of the vote in Corfu and Paxos, both of which islands have pronounced, through the representatives elected, in favor of the annexation. No doubt, however, is entertained that the other islands—Cephalonia, Zante, Santa Maura, Ithaca, and Cerigo—have also pronounced in favor of the union. On the 1st of October, the Ionian Parliament was opened at Corfu, and as it was to consummate the union with Greece, the greatest enthusiasm prevailed among its members.

England having declared her readiness to abandon her protectorate over the islands, and the other Powers having made no objection to this arrangement, the vote of the Ionian Parliament removes the only obstacle which could hinder the reunion. For many centuries those islanders have been politically separated from their kinsmen in Greece Proper. In the twelfth century they were occupied by the Kings of Sicily, and in the fourteenth they fell under the jurisdiction of the Venetians, and so remained till the fall of Venice threw them into the hands of the French by the Treaty of Campo Formio. Russia and Turkey conjointly expelled the French, and in 1800 erected them into a Septinsular Republic, which, under the protection of Turkey, failed as an experiment of self-government. By a secret article in the Treaty of Tilsit 1807 they were given to the French, but being taken by the British, they were secured to that Power by the Treaty of Paris, Nov. 9, 1815. Since the establishment of the Kingdom of Greece, the islanders have always expressed a desire to be annexed to the Kingdom, and several times the Legislative Assembly of Corfu has unanimously passed resolutions to that effect. But the British Government altogether ignored these steps until 1862, when, during the negotiations about the selection of a new King for Greece, she declared her readiness to comply with the wishes of the Ionians.

Thus another change has been effected in the arbitrary and iniquitous disposition which the European Powers in 1815 made of the map of Europe, and another concession made to the fundamental principles of European democracy, which demands a reconstruction of the map of Europe on the basis of the distinct European nationalities.

COLORADO TRUE!

In other times, a newly-organized Territory—in fact any Territory—was expected to go what was called Democratic as naturally and uniformly as a young duck takes to water. Every new State came into the Union after a season of Territorial tutelage, "Democratic." But the war for the Union has changed all this, and now almost or quite every Territory elects a "Union" Legislature, &c., over the tickets labeled "Democratic." NEVADA went overwhelmingly Union a few weeks ago; NEBRASKA did the same last Tuesday; and COLORADO did likewise at her recent election. A letter in *The Morning Herald*, St. Joseph, Mo., says:

"DENVER CITY, Oct. 3, 1863.

"The Territorial Election, which came off on the 1st ult., albeit it was hotly contested all over the Territory, resulted in a uniform unconditional Union victory. *But one Copperhead was elected to either House.* Many sage calculations on the influx of sympathizers and refugees from your State have proven fallacious. Loyal emigrants out-numbered them, or they let the election go by default. At all events, we have a clean Union Council, House and Territorial officers from County Judges down to Constables—glory enough for one season. The Legislature will not meet until the 1st Monday of February next. It is confidently expected that it will be the last Legislature under our present organization, as the ensuing Congress will doubtless pass an Enabling act, under which Colorado will present herself for admission into the Union on the first Monday of the ensuing session. The people are ripe for it."

A BRITISH PRECEDENT.

The Quincy Whig and Republican (Ill.) has disentombed from the British *Annual Register* for 1763 the following significant Royal Order in Council, issued at the close of that year:

AT THE COURT OF ST. JAMES, DEC. 29.

Present, the King's Most Excellent Majesty in Council.

Whereas, Signor Francis D'Agono, minister of the most serene Republic of Genoa, hath by memorial to His Majesty at this Board represented, that the advantages the said republic have lately gained over the rebellious faction in the kingdom of Corsica, are now become manifest, as well by the happy successes of their arms, as by the great number of inhabitants who daily return to their duty towards their lawful sovereign, and give the republic the greatest hopes of being able to reestablish peace and tranquillity throughout that island, and which would have been already accomplished if the chiefs of the rebels had not eluded it by exciting the spirit of revolt amongst the inhabitants, in hopes of drawing succors from foreign vessels; and therefore the said minister humbly requested that His Majesty would be pleased to give the most express orders to all his subjects not to have or to hold any correspondence with the said rebels, nor to furnish them with any kind of succors whatsoever, agreeable to what was enjoined upon a like occasion by order of his late Majesty in Council dated the 10th of May, 1755: His Majesty having taken the said memorial into his royal consideration, and being desirous of giving all further just and reasonable satisfaction to his Majesty's said good friends and allies the Republic of Genoa, and to maintain inviolably the peace and friendship subsisting between his Majesty and them, is hereby pleased, with the advice of his Privy Council, strictly to command all his Majesty's subjects, of what condition soever they be, that they forbear to give or furnish aid, assistance, countenance or succor, by any ways or means whatsoever, to any of the inhabitants of the Island of Corsica, in rebellion against the said most serene Republic, upon pain, not only of his Majesty's high displeasure, but of suffering such punishment as by law may be inflicted on such as willfully violate his Majesty's treaties, and infringe the peace and friendship subsisting between his Majesty and any foreign Princes or States.

—We respectfully commend the above document to the thoughtful attention of Her Britannic Majesty's Prime Minister and his colleagues. Though Lord Palmerston was not born till a few years after the above Order was issued, he will not question either its authenticity or its bearing as a precedent on the grave questions at issue between his Government and that of *our* Republic. Were he to follow the example so nobly set by one of his predecessors he would allay some bitterness of spirit on the part of our people toward a country with which we ought to be ever on terms of amity, but with which we seem fated to have continual misunderstanding.

OHIO.

There was some surprise expressed that two out of 80 Ohio soldiers who voted for Governor at headquarters in Baltimore should have cast their ballots for Vallandigham. Inquiry solved the puzzle—they were both arrested *deserters*.

At Bucyrus, Ohio, the Sheriff of Crawford County brought out of jail a man imprisoned for killing his wife, and took him thirteen miles to the poll, at Crestline, where he resided. He voted for Vallandigham of course, and the Copperhead Sheriff was reëlected by his vote among others.

ONE MORE RALLY FOR THE UNION.

300,000 Volunteers Wanted—Proclamation by the President—The Usual Advance, Premium and Bounty.

BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

A PROCLAMATION.

Whereas, the term of service of a part of the volunteer forces of the United States will expire during the coming year; and whereas, in addition to the men raised by the present draft, it is deemed expedient to call out three hundred thousand volunteers to serve for three years or the war, not however exceeding three years;

Now, therefore, I, ABRAHAM LINCOLN, President of the United States and Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy thereof, and of the militia of the several States when called into actual service, do issue this my proclamation, calling upon the Governors of the different States to raise and have enlisted into the United States service, for the various companies and regiments in the field from their respective States, their quotas of three hundred thousand men.

I do further proclaim that all volunteers thus called out and duly enlisted shall receive advance pay, premium, and bounty, as heretofore communicated to the Governors of States by the War Department, through the Provost-Marshal-General's office, by special letters.

I further proclaim that all volunteers received under this call, as well as all others not heretofore credited, shall be duly credited on and deducted from the quotas established for the draft.

I further proclaim that if any State shall fail to raise the quota assigned to it by the War Department under this call, then a draft for the deficiency in said quota shall be made on said State, or on the districts of said State, for their due proportion of said quota; and the said draft shall commence on the fifth day of January, 1864.

And I further proclaim that nothing in this proclamation shall interfere with existing orders, or those which may be issued, for the present draft in the States where it is now in progress or where it has not yet commenced.

The quotas of the States and Districts will be assigned by the War Department, through the Provost-Marshal-General's office, due regard being had for the men heretofore furnished whether by volunteering or drafting, and the recruiting will be conducted in accordance with such instructions as have been or may be issued by that Department.

In issuing this Proclamation, I address myself not only to the Governors of the several States, but also to the good and loyal people thereof, invoking them to lend their willing, cheerful, and effective aid to the measures thus adopted, with a view to reënforce our victorious armies now in the field, and bring our needful military operations to a prosperous end, thus closing forever the fountains of sedition and civil war.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the City of Washington this seventeenth day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, and of the Independence of the United States the eighty-eighth. ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

By the President:
WILLIAM H. SEWARD, Secretary of State.

THE BAXTER SPRINGS MASSACRE.

Letter from Major-Gen. Blunt—The Murdering of Unarmed Men and Surrendered Prisoners.

BAXTER SPRINGS, 60 miles below Fort Scott, Oct. 7, 1863—10 o'clock p. m.

Captains THOLEN and HOLDING:

* * * * *

Everything in the staff wagons is lost; the wagons were burned with most of their contents. * *

We have just found the body of Major Curtis. [Maj. Curtis's body, as also that of Judge-Advocate Lieut. Farr, arrived in Leavenworth on the 11th inst.] When I wrote to Major Blair, last night, it was supposed he was a prisoner, as we had searched the ground over near where his horse fell and could not find him. Moreover, Quantrell's Adjutant, or a person representing himself as such, who came into Lieut. Pond's camp with a flag of truce, said they had [illegible] Adjutant-General a prisoner. [illegible] thrown from his horse, shot through the head, [illegible] murdered after being taken prisoner. I shall start [illegible] body, with that of Lieut. Farr, to Fort Scott, this evening. You will probably have heard some of the particulars of the affair here yesterday, before you receive this.

The escort, company I, 3d Wisconsin, and company A, 14th Kansas, consisting of 100 men, behaved disgracefully and stampeded like a drove of frightened cattle. I did not anticipate any difficulty until we got below this point. We arrived near this camp about 12 m., and halted on the hill almost in sight of the camp, and not more than four hundred yards distant, to wait for the escort and wagons to close up. The escort came up and dismounted, to wait for the train, which was but a short distance behind. At this time my attention was called to a body of men, about one hundred, advancing in line from the timber of Spring River, on the left, which you will recollect is not more than three or four hundred yards from the road. The left of the line was not more than two hundred yards from Lieutenant Pond's camp at the spring. They being nearly all dressed in Federal uniforms, I supposed them at first to be Lieut. Pond's cavalry (two companies) on service. At the same time my suspicions were aroused by some of their movements. I ordered the wagons, which had come up, to the rear, and formed the escort in line, with their carbines unslung, while I advanced alone toward the party fronting us to ascertain if they were Rebels.

I had advanced but a short distance when they opened a fire; at the same time firing was heard down in Pond's camp. Turning around to give the order to the escort to fire, I discovered them all broken up and going over the prairie to the west at full speed. They did not even discharge the loaded carbines they had in their hands, except in a few cases. Had the escort stood their ground, as soldiers should have done, they could have driven the enemy in ten minutes. I endeavored in vain, with the assistance of Major Curtis, to halt and form a portion of them. When the escort stampeded, the enemy, discovering it, rushed on with a yell, followed by another line of about 200 that emerged from the edge of the timber. Being better mounted than our men, they soon closed in on them. The men of the escort were much scattered, and with them it was a run for life. After going a mile I succeeded in halting fifteen men, including Lieut. Pierce, Co. A, 14th Kansas, who has done his duty well and nobly throughout.

As soon as I got them in line, and commenced advancing on the pursuing enemy, they fled and fell back to the wood, when their whole command (600) formed in line of battle. The balance of the escort that had escaped were all out of sight in the advance. Major Curtis had been seen to fall from his horse, which had been wounded, and stumbled in crossing a ditch. About one o'clock I sent Lieut. Tappan (who had kept with me all the time), with four men, to Fort Scott, while with the other nine I determined to remain until the fate of those that had fallen could be ascertained, and whether the post at the Spring had been captured, which I much feared was the case. As they fell back to the road I followed them up over the ground we had come, to look for the wounded, but all, with two or three exceptions (who had escaped accidentally), were killed, shot through the head. All the wounded had been murdered. I kept close to them, and witnessed their plundering the wagons. At one time they made a dash at me with about 100 men, endeavoring to surround me, but failed in their purpose. As they moved off on the road leading south I went down to the Spring and found them all O K.

Lieut. Pond of the 3d Wisconsin, and also his command, are entitled to great credit for the manner they repulsed the enemy and defended the post. The colored soldiers fought with great gallantry. All of the wounded were shot through the head, and thus murdered. The band wagon was captured, and all of the boys shot in the same way after they were prisoners. The same was the case with the teamsters and Mart., my driver. O'Neill (artist for Frank Leslie) was killed with the band boys. All of the office clerks except one were killed; also, my orderly, Ely. Major Henning is with me. But few of the escort who escaped have come in: I suppose they have gone to Fort Scott. The dead are not all buried, but the number will not fall short of seventy-five. The enemy numbered six hundred—Quantrell's and Coffey's commands. They are evidently intending to go south of the Arkansas. I have scouts on the trail. Two have just come in, and report coming up with them at the crossing of the Neosho River.

Others are still following them up. Whether they will go directly south on the Fort Gibson Road, or cross Grand River to Cowskin Prairie, I cannot determine. When they came in they crossed Spring River, close by Baxter. I have sent messengers to the Arkansas River, and if they succeed in getting through safe, our forces there will be put on the alert and may intercept them. I am now waiting the arrival of troops from Fort Scott. If I get them (which is doubtful, as the 14th Kansas is not armed), I will follow the hounds through the entire Southern Confederacy as long as there is a prospect of overtaking them. And I will have it well understood, that any man of this command, who again breaks from the line and deserts his post, shall be shot on the spot; and there shall be no quarter to the motley bands of murderers.

* * * * *

I was fortunate in escaping, as in my efforts to halt and rally the men I frequently got in the rear and became considerably mixed up with the Rebels, who did not fail to pay me their compliments. Revolver bullets flew round my head thick as hail—but not a scratch. I believe I am not to be killed by a Rebel bullet.

Yours, truly, JAS. G. BLUNT.

THE BATTLE OF CHICKAMAUGA.

Gen. Steedman's Division—The Record it Made on the 20th.

From Our Special Correspondent.

IN THE FIELD, OPPOSITE CHATTANOOGA, Sept. 30, 1863.

Among the many divisions of the Army of the Cumberland which acquitted themselves nobly in the battles of the 19th and 20th, the 1st Division of the Reserve Corps, commanded by Brig.-Gen. James B. Steedman, deserves some mention.

On the 16th the 1st brigade of the division, commanded by Brig.-Gen. W. C. Whittaker, was sent from Rossville to the Little Chickamauga, on the road to Ringgold. Here, after sundown, a brief skirmish was had with the enemy, in which neither party suffered any considerable loss.

On the afternoon of the 19th, the tide of battle, which had been running heavily on our right during the day, reached this brigade, and an engagement of some fierceness was had with the enemy. The position held by the brigade was on the extreme left of our lines, and the key to Rosecrans's line of retreat. The position was much coveted by the enemy, and they made repeated assaults to obtain it, but were handsomely repulsed, and suffered quite severely, especially from our artillery.

During the night of the 19th, the 2d Brigade, commanded by Col. J. M. Mitchell of the 113th Ohio, was sent to the aid of Whittaker; also, Col. Dan. McCook's Brigade, of the 2d Division of the Reserve, and the 22d Michigan and 89th Ohio, which two regiments were attached to Whittaker's command.

During the forenoon of the 20th, these forces, under the command of Gen. Steedman, held their position at that point, in line of battle, awaiting a more formidable effort, which it was supposed the enemy would make to turn our left. But no assault was made; for the enemy had withdrawn his troops from that point, to mass them against Thomas.

While waiting there, pursuant to orders from Gen. Rosecrans, the troops listened with anxious impatience to the heavy cannonading and sharp musketry which resounded along the line on the right, and which, approaching nearer and nearer, begat fearful suspicions that it was not Rosecrans, but the enemy, who were driving the opposing forces. Our suspense was broken, and our fears confirmed when, about noon, urgent orders were received to hasten to the relief of Thomas, who was in great danger.

The troops did not then know in how critical a condition the Army of the Cumberland was compelled to meet, unassisted, the flower of three large armies which the Rebels had assembled, intending to overwhelm it. They did not then know that, while they were hastening to turn the tide of battle, if possible, portions of Crittenden's and McCook's corps were retiring from the field. But they did know the time had come when the Reserve must be tested, and the question determined whether or no it were worthy of its honorable position in the great Army of the Cumberland.

Steedman's Division, followed by McCook's Brigade, was speedily put in motion, and the columns moved forward at a rapid pace, sometimes breaking into a double-quick. The sun shone hot, and the dust in the narrow road rose in dense, suffocating clouds; but all thought of heat, and dust, and fatigue was lost in the eager anxiety to relieve our brave comrades who were in peril. After thus marching some three miles, the head of the column reached a portion of the battle-field from which our forces had retired, and which the enemy occupied with his mounted infantry. Formed hastily in line of battle, Whittaker's Brigade advanced upon them. They did not await our approach, but gave up the ground, retreating in a direction, which had we followed, would have diverted us from the main purpose. In passing over this portion of the field, the dead and dying of both armies were seen in considerable numbers, and some Rebels, separated from their commands, were encountered on the right, and taken prisoners by the 96th.

Soon a point was reached, directly opposite to, and about three-fourths of a mile distant from Gen. Thomas, and the whole division turned square to the right. Here they were formed into close columns by regiments, with division front; and, with a line of skirmishers thrown forward, and along the left flank, the division resumed its march. It was through an extensive stretch of meadow land, overgrown with weeds almost breast high, that our course lay. Heavy batteries of the enemy's artillery were posted in the woods on our left, and as we advanced through the meadow, to form a junction with Thomas, they opened upon us a fearful fire. But few troops in the division had ever seen more of war than is encountered in brisk skirmishing, and none had ever been under such a fire. But Whittaker with his staff, and Col. Mitchell and staff, rode steadily in front of their brigades, and their troops, although the shells and shot fell fast and thick around and among them, wavered not in their march, but kept right on, leaving many of their comrades dead and wounded on the field. At that moment, the spectacle, to one not inured to all the pageantry of war, was intensely grand. The brigade and regimental colors floated gayly in the light of the midday sun. The far-stretching columns of troops, with glistening weapons, moved forward with uniform motion, presenting, at a distance, the appearance of one compact mass. On the left, dense masses of sulphurous smoke hung just above the trees, and in front and along the lines, the shells were bursting in the air, while the solid shot, seemingly imbued with infernal energy, plowed the ground, bounding and plunging over the field, leaving all over the meadow little cords of dust to mark their course. That march, through that storm of shell and shot, was a fit introduction to the scenes upon which that division was about to enter.

But little time was occupied in reaching Thomas, where Gen. Granger, commanding the reserve, and Gen. Steedman, were already holding consultation with him. As we approached, Gen. Whittaker, whose brigade was in the advance, was told that it was absolutely necessary that he should drive the enemy from the ridge on our right, where heavy forces had been massed, as if for the purpose of flanking Thomas. Indeed, the occupation of that ridge was so threatening, that, if the enemy continued to hold it, Thomas must have retired. Whittaker said he would take the ridge and he did it.

This is the way it was done: The six regiments of the 1st Brigade were formed in two lines—the first comprising the 96th Illinois, Col. Thomas E. Champion, on the right; 115th Illinois, Col. J. H. Moore, in the center, and the 22d Michigan, Col. Le Fevre, on the left. Then came the order to advance. With a yell, the first line bounded forward on the double-quick. Up and down the little hills and through the narrow valleys which intervened, they pressed hastily forward, until they came within short range of the Rebel musketry, which opened upon them furiously, while the grape and canister from the battery on the ridge swept cruelly through their ranks. Almost exhausted with their hurried march, and their long-continued double-quick, the troops recoiled for a moment under that withering fire; but ere the most timid could think of retreating, Col. Champion promptly gave the command to halt, lie down, and fire, which was obeyed on the instant. There the line lay for five minutes, responding resolutely to the fire of the enemy. That five minutes was a terrible ordeal for our soldiers—for during that short period their ranks were more than decimated. Then came the order to fix bayonets, and charge upon the enemy. The ardor of the men overcame their fatigue, and, tired as they were, they resumed the double-quick march as they advanced up the ridge, right in the face of a galling fire. If a man fell—and many did—he was left to enrich the soil of Georgia with his life's blood, or, if able, to creep, alone and unassisted, to the rear, for none who were able to march left the ranks, which were kept well closed up, and the line was firmly maintained.

By this time the 78th Illinois and 121st Ohio, of the Second Brigade, had come up, and were advancing on the right of the first, and a little to the rear. Never was support more opportune; for while Whittaker's men were charging up the ridge, the enemy received a well-directed fire from Col. Mitchell's forces, and when the crest of the ridge was gained, the enemy was discovered retreating in confusion, and their battery had disappeared. With a loud huzza we followed them; but not far. Fresh troops were sent against us and the fire became as scathing as ever. We halted in our advanced position, and held it, while the contending musketry, sharp and incessant, almost stunned the ear. The enemy constantly strengthened his lines, and their fire became hotter and quicker. The first line was ordered to fall back. The second line took its place, and held the position a short time, when the forces were ordered to retire to the crest of the ridge, from which the enemy had been driven.

That was the way the fight, on the part of Steedman's Division, opened on that day. It had gained a great advantage, but it was not to maintain it without a severe contest. Bragg's reserves—the flower of the Potomac army—were sent to dislodge us from our newly gained position. But it availed them not. Battery M, 1st Illinois Artillery, was planted far to the right, in a commanding position; and such was the conformation of the ground, that, as the Rebel lines advanced to the assault, they came under the sure and effective range of our guns. Their battery had been planted in a new position, bearing upon ours, and the continued roar of artillery soon was mingled with the sound of musketry.

Our lines were extended to the right, so as to reach and support our battery, which the Rebels were threatening to attack. A general assault was soon made upon our lines, but it proved disastrous to the Rebels. Our grape and canister made great havoc in their ranks, while our soldiers took careful aim before pulling the triggers of their Enfield muskets. The Rebels were badly repulsed, and as they retreated we followed, pursuing them a considerable distance. But while this move exposed us to the fire of their artillery, they were much less in danger from our battery. Other troops, in heavier force, took the place of those whom we had driven, and the battle waged fiercely again until we were ordered to retire.

Let the simple truth be told. That retreat, in fact that whole battle in which our division was engaged, was not conducted with precisely the same order observed on a dress parade. I have read of such things; I have heard of troops acting with Arctic coolness and impassibility under the most galling fire, minutely observing every direction of the tactics. It may be so, but it was not so with our division on that day. When the men were ordered to advance they kept their line pretty well, but there were many whose eagerness carried them ahead of it, and some whose timidity kept them in rear of it. In retreating, the men paid but little attention to keeping their lines well dressed, and had the appearance of a *mass* rather than a *line*. Nay, more; some of the troops on the left actually broke, and were thrown into some disorder. But it is also true that when the desired point was gained the troops were readily halted and rallied with but little difficulty. Once, the 115th Illinois—which did exceedingly well that day—seemed unable to rally; but Gen. Steedman was near at hand, and, seizing the colors from the standard-bearer, advanced toward the enemy, saying to the men: "Boys, I'll carry your flag if you'll defend it!" They rallied around him and did noble deeds. There was not one instance of failure to rally the troops, though the leaden hail fell so thick and fast among them, that nothing but their native heroism and the animating courage of their officers could have kept them up to the work. Let it not be forgotten that on that afternoon there was but little fighting, except upon Thomas's lines, whose right Steedman held, and on the right the fiercest fighting apparently was done. There was nothing to prevent the enemy from sending almost overwhelming forces against us, and we learn from prisoners, and we judge from the incidents and character of the contest, that they were fighting Steedman with the odds of at least three to one in their favor. Thomas was holding their whole army in check, saving from irretrievable disaster the Army of the Cumberland; and there was nothing akin to a holiday parade in the terrible momentum of their assaults to break through that bulwark, or the heroic endurance with which our [illegible] movements of regiments and brigades. This was felt by our officers and soldiers. There was little manouvering, but there was a great deal of fighting. There was no waiting for commands in detail—no firing of volleys by platoons and companies. When we had gained a position in advance, and the line was halted in view of the enemy, the men fired at will, each intent only on doing his own duty well.

After that repulse another assault was made, and with the same result. The Rebels advanced, were checked; we drove and followed them, until fresh troops were arrayed against us, and we in turn were forced to retire. But this time we drove them further, and kept them at bay longer, than before. One of our regiments—the 96th Illinois—pursued them nearly half a mile, and held that advanced position until it began to receive an enfilading fire from some of our own troops.

Thus the contest continued until dark, and all the time we held the ridge. Sometimes a regiment or more would fall back beyond the ridge, but enough always remained to hold it. At last Gen. Thomas gave the order to retire; but it failed to reach a portion of the 96th Illinois, and a remnant of the 121st Ohio, who at the time occupied a position on the right, somewhat advanced beyond the line, and there for a considerable time they continued to fight with unabated vigor. The order to retire was at last given to this devoted band, who reluctantly left their position. That closed the fighting for the day. We retired from the field, not knowing that the enemy was at the same time also retreating, baffled and discouraged, in fact beaten.

So the bloody field was left unoccupied that night. No, not wholly unoccupied; for James T. Gruppy, a private of Company D, 96th Ills., not knowing that our troops had fallen back, slept upon the battle-field, and next morning, as he awoke, found a Rebel surgeon near him, looking for Rebel dead, and who advised him, if he ever wished to see his regiment again, to hurry on to Chattanooga.

The fight was over, and while the Union army was sad, the Rebels were not exultant. The fight was over, and Steedman's division had made its record. It had done more than that. Said Gen. Thomas to Gen. Steedman: "You have saved my corps!"

That was a deed worthy to be proud of; for from what disaster did not that corps save our army and our cause!

But there was little feeling of pride that night among the troops of the 1st Division of the Reserve. We were busy in reckoning up our losses, and they were appalling! The long list of killed and wounded is a sad proof of the trial by fire to which, that afternoon, our division was subjected.

Was ever such havoc made with a staff as that which Gen. Whittaker's suffered? There were eight of them, including the General. Three were killed, three wounded, one captured or killed, and only one escaped. How often has it happened that a regiment, in one afternoon's engagement, has endured a greater loss in *killed* and *wounded* than the 96th Illinois? It took into battle 415 men. It lost 42 killed and 121 wounded—considerably more than one-third. Of its 23 field, staff, and line officers engaged, 11 were killed and wounded. It happened that that regiment, during the fight, was always in the front line, and was greatly exposed to the enemy's artillery; but, under the cool and able leadership of Col. Champion, it maintained its place, and, with the 121st Ohio, was the last to leave the field.

Whittaker's brigade of six regiments lost nearly 1,000 men, killed and wounded, and Col. Mitchell's brigade of four regiments lost nearly 400.

There were many noble men who fell on that hard-fought field—many who deserve special mention. I know but few of the many, yet let me speak of two or three.

Capt. S. B. Espy, Assistant Commissary on Gen. Whittaker's staff, was a very lion that day. He was advised to remain with his trains; but, too noble spirited for that, he remained on the field, fearless of danger, doing wonders in cheering and rallying the men under the destructive fire of the enemy. He was one of Illinois's noble sons, and his loss is severely felt.

And there was a Quartermaster-Sergeant—William S. Bean—who, like Capt. Espy, chose the field of danger rather than the post of safety. He might have remained in the rear, and the breath of censure could not have touched him; but he was right where the bullets flew thickest and fastest, and did the work almost of a General in encouraging the bold and animating the timid. He was a genuine hero.

Capt. Wells, of the 113th Ohio, and Lieut.-Col. Kinman of the 115th Illinois, were two of the best men, and bravest soldiers, who yielded up their lives on the 20th on their country's altar.

And the scores of privates, corporals and sergeants, men of families, who had left all—wife, children, home—for their country—from a pure sense of duty; young men, who left college walls, and the merchant's desk, and the plow and the anvil, all because their country called them, to face death on a battle-field; darling sons, the hope and stay of widowed mothers, whose early death will break more than one sorrowing heart—what of these? Alas! too many such there are—as brave, as heroic, as truly martyrs as ever died in the cause of Humanity—to mention here by name. Would you know them? Read the list of the killed!

We will not, in our sorrow for the heroes dead, forget the surviving brave. These, thanks to a merciful Providence, are even more numerous than the dead. Among the many who did well, Gen. Steedman, and Major Smith and Capt. Moe, of his staff, merit special praise. And Gen. Whittaker and Col. Mitchell, and their staff officers, and the regimental commanders, are most highly honored by the soldiers, for they were brave and unflinching leaders.

Let me refer to two men in humbler positions. One is Lieut. C. W. Earle, commanding the color company of the 96th. He stood by the colors throughout the fight, and, though all but two of the color-guard were killed and wounded, and the colors were cut to pieces by the bullets and grape and canister that pierced its folds, he faltered not one instant. He is a 2d Lieutenant, and but a boy; yet few full-grown men, in much more exalted positions, excelled him in cool, cheerful courage.

The other is Capt. Clason of the 121st Ohio, who, with the little remnant of the regiment, fought so stubbornly and unyieldingly to the very last, preserving their colors and keeping them afloat proudly in the face of the enemy, until the last shot was fired.

And Col. Le Fevre, who led his 22d Michigan on a bayonet charge, after they had expended all their ammunition, should not be forgotten when the roll of honor is made out.

But time and space would fail to name every man who flinched not from his duty on that memorable day. The 84th Indiana, the 40th, 98th and 89th Ohio, and the 78th Illinois—all of Steedman's Division—has each its list of heroes.

Enough that, at that critical hour, the reserve failed not. And it could have done more had it been necessary, for Col. McCook's brigade was not engaged. As to our division, it has confidence in its officers, while they are proud of their men; and it is now ready to test its mettle again with a Rebel foe. It is with not a little of pride that I can write of such a division, and its fight on the 20th, *parva pars fui*. MILES.

FROM THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND.

The Correspondence in Relation to Late Battle Complaint—Way to Remedy the Evil—True State of the Case—Men Not to Blame for Our Reverse on the Right—Rebel Cavalry Across the Tennessee—Their Operations—Loss of Sanitary Goods—The Prospect—Changes—The Position of the Rebels—Rumors of a Fight Among the Rebels.

From Our Special Correspondent.

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., Oct. 8, 1863.

[illegible]

FROM THE ARMY OF THE OHIO.

[illegible]

THE ARRIVAL AT KNOXVILLE.

[illegible]

How Mr. Brough Received the News of His Election—His Views of the Victory.

[illegible]

CURRIED CABBAGE AND OUR SOLDIERS.

[illegible]

The Weekly Tribune.
NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, OCT. 22, 1863.

To Advertisers.

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Union State Nominations.

FOR SECRETARY OF STATE,
CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.
FOR COMPTROLLER,
LUCIUS ROBINSON.
FOR ATTORNEY-GENERAL,
JOHN COCHRANE.
FOR STATE TREASURER,
GEORGE W. SCHUYLER.
FOR STATE ENGINEER,
WILLIAM B. TAYLOR.
FOR CANAL COMMISSIONER,
BENJAMIN F. BRUCE.
FOR INSPECTOR OF STATE PRISONS,
JAMES K. BATES.
FOR JUDGE OF THE COURT OF APPEALS,
HENRY R. SELDEN.
UNION STATE CENTRAL COMMITTEE,
No. 73 TRINITY BUILDINGS.
New-York, Sept. 19, 1863.

OUR STATE CANVASS.

Since the present year opened, elections have been held in the States of NEW-HAMPSHIRE, RHODE ISLAND, CONNECTICUT, VERMONT, KENTUCKY, MAINE, CALIFORNIA, PENNSYLVANIA, OHIO, INDIANA,* MICHIGAN,† WISCONSIN,† and IOWA—thirteen in all—and in every one of them the supporters of the War for the Union and the Government by which it is prosecuted have triumphed. The Territories of COLORADO, NEVADA, NEW-MEXICO, and WASHINGTON, have likewise held elections, and each of them has gone with the current except Washington, where a split has enabled the Opposition candidate to succeed by a handful of votes. MISSOURI would have swelled the number of our triumphs; but the "Conservative" rulers of that State seasonably took the alarm, and decided to have no State Election this year. Her Judicial Election, however, is close at hand, and will doubtless vindicate the sagacity of those who controlled her Constitutional Convention.

MASSACHUSETTS, NEW-YORK, DELAWARE, MARYLAND, WEST VIRGINIA, WISCONSIN, and MINNESOTA, have still to vote—all within the next three weeks. That most of them will elect the Union over the Opposition candidates is as certain as anything yet future can be.

"How about New-York?" we are often asked. To those who put the question last month, we answered, "Wait till you see the returns from Pennsylvania: New-York will go as she does." Had the October Elections of last year gone our way, New-York—in spite of the depletion of her Republican strength by Volunteering—would have followed. As it was, we were crushed beneath the avalanche of disasters which rolled in upon us from the West. Now the case is bravely altered.

But we would not induce supineness by overweening confidence. It is the casting or withholding of the dozen doubtful votes at each poll that decides every close election: our opponents polled fewer votes in our State last Fall, when they triumphed by over Ten Thousand majority, than in 1860, when they were beaten by nearly Fifty Thousand. In spite of our heavy losses by Volunteering, we should have succeeded last Fall had our last Home voter been brought to the poll.

We have an immense majority in Ohio; yet the Opposition in that State appear to have polled about the same vote as a year ago, when they beat us by Five Thousand majority. We beat them over Sixty Thousand now on the Home vote, mainly because most places of business in the State were closed on the 13th inst., and every energy and every moment devoted to the polls.

So in Pennsylvania: We were beaten there between Three and Four Thousand last year, and are now triumphant by several times that majority: Yet the Opposition have polled some Fifty Thousand more votes than they did then. But the Unionists polled some *seventy* Thousand more than *their* last year's vote, and this decided the contest.

How was this vote brought out? A letter just received from Lancaster, Pa., says:

"We all feel very anxious about the success of the Union ticket in your State. I hope, therefore, you will pardon me for suggesting a few hints in relation to making your contest effective. In a number of districts in our county, we did much better than we have ever done before, while other districts fell off sadly. In the districts where we increased our vote, our friends adopted the following plan: They had their election districts blocked, and had a list of the voters taken, then copied into a blotter in alphabetical form, and, as each voter came to vote, his name was ticked off. At 3 o'clock, each Committee was furnished with a list of absentees, and started off with their teams, with the Stars and Stripes placed at their head; and in this way they succeeded in getting out every voter. If this plan had been carried out in *every* district of our county, we should have increased our majority considerably."

—We do not believe it possible to make our State go wrong this Fall; but bad local nominations, personal feuds, and neglect to canvass certain localities, may sadly diminish our majority and mar the completeness of our triumph. New-York may come in at the foot of the magnificent column of States proclaiming in tones of thunder that the Union shall live and the Rebellion die, when her proper place is at the head, and she may take it if she will. Friends of the National cause! resolve that she SHALL, and take measures to render your resolution effective.

*Local officers only.
†These States have held *Judicial* elections only. Their political officers remain to be chosen.

REBEL TERMS OF PEACE.

We tried last Winter, unsuccessfully but earnestly, to ascertain on what conditions the Rebel chiefs were ready to restore Peace to this distracted country. We did not have to leave our desk to find Democrats who were very anxious for Peace, and wished our aid in effecting it; but we never found one of them in possession of authentic propositions or suggestions from the Rebel leaders looking to any sort of tolerable Peace—we mean, tolerable even to him. The readiness of the Confederates to make an acceptable Peace was always assumed—it was never demonstrated, nor even countenanced, by any sort of evidence. But *The Richmond Enquirer*—which has been from the first the more especial organ of Jeff. Davis and his Cabinet—on the 16th inst. favored its readers with the following frank statement of the terms on which the head traitors *will not* make Peace. It says:

"Save on our own terms, we can accept no peace whatever, and must fight till doomsday rather than yield an iota of them; and our terms are:

"Recognition by the enemy of the independence of the Confederate States.

"Withdrawal of Yankee forces from every foot of Confederate ground, *including Kentucky and Missouri*.

"Withdrawal of Yankee soldiers from Maryland, until that State shall decide, by a free vote, whether she shall remain in the old Union, or ask admission into the Confederacy.

"Consent on the part of the Federal Government to give up to the Confederacy its proportion of the Navy as it stood at the time of Secession, or to pay for the same.

"Yielding up all pretensions on the part of the Federal Government to that portion of the old Territories which lies west of the Confederate States.

"An equitable settlement, on the basis of our absolute independence and equal rights, of all accounts of the Public Debt and Public Lands and the advantages accruing from foreign treaties.

"These provisions, we apprehend, comprise the minimum of what we must require before we lay down our arms. That is to say, *the North must yield all; we nothing*. The whole pretension of that country to prevent by force the separation of the States must be abandoned, which will be equivalent to an avowal that our enemies were wrong from the first; and, of course, as they waged a causeless and wicked war upon us, they ought, in strict justice, to be required, according to usage in such case, to reimburse to us the whole of our expenses and losses in the course of that war.

"Whether this last proviso is to be insisted upon or not, certain we are that we cannot have any peace at all until we shall be in a position, not only to demand and exact, but also to enforce and collect, the treasure for our own reimbursement, out of the wealthy cities of the enemy's country. In other words, unless we can destroy or scatter their armies and break up their Government, we can have no peace, and if we can do that, then we can, and ought, not only to extort from them our own full terms, and ample acknowledgment of their wrong, but also a handsome indemnity for the trouble and expense caused to us by their crime."

—This is no new overture. From the first hour of the contest to the present the earnest [illegible] This is a war to the death. We must absolutely triumph or utterly fail. There can be no accommodation—no compromise. We are in for the whole or nothing. Until the North is ready to concede everything, submit to anything, War must go on, though it should absorb all the blood and wealth of the country. Woe to the conquered!"

Now, then, we demand of the Democratic journals that they let these facts be known to their readers. We ask but light. Let them set forth the naked truth as to the best terms on which the Rebel leaders are now or ever were ready to make Peace, and tell their readers frankly that they would or would not have them accepted. "Crying Peace, Peace, when there is *no* Peace," is a fraud: tell the public that you would or would not make Peace on the only practicable terms, and then either go in earnestly, unreservedly, for prosecuting and invigorating the War, or let us know what is your alternative. For our own part, anxious for the earliest possible Peace, so that it be honorable and lasting, we see no way to achieve it but through energetic and successful War.

GEN. ROSECRANS.

We have already announced a probable change in the chief command of the Army of the Cumberland. There is now no doubt that Gen. Rosecrans has been relieved, and that Gen. GEORGE H. THOMAS, his second in command, who made that splendid fight with the right wing whereby the Army was saved from rout and wreck at the close of the late battles near Chattanooga, has been appointed to succeed him. If Rosecrans has been relieved, we at all events earnestly *hope* that Gen. Thomas is his successor.

We have two reasons for borrowing less trouble than do some of our cotemporaries with regard to changes of commanders for the several armies of the Union. One is our consciousness that the President and his civil and military advisers are far better informed than we or any of the writers can be with regard to the capacities, the merits, the achievements and the short-comings, of our various generals in the field. He who can imagine that there is any warrant for the insinuations of the viler Copperhead journals that generals are displaced under the impulse of jealousy, or any other unworthy motive, ought to let his feet follow his heart into the Confederate camps. Of all men on this earth, the President and his Cabinet are most anxious that the War shall be honorably closed at the earliest moment, and are straining every nerve to that sole end. Mistakes and errors they may and doubtless do commit; but that they ever displaced a general because they feared he would prove too successful or too popular, is a calumny too absurdly malicious to deserve refutation. They are doing their very best to bring the War speedily to a beneficent close; and they promote or relieve generals with a single eye to this end. When we know all the facts in any case, we may judge that they have erred in their decision with regard to it; but not till then.

In the second place, we feel sure that there are men now filling subordinate positions in the National service that are eminently qualified for high commands, and we are anxious to see them so placed that they may conclusively demonstrate their capacity. Now every change increases the probability that these may be soon placed where they should be. If a general proves not fully up to his work, it is sheer imbecility to keep him in command on the plea that you know not who would do better. Replace him by the best man you know: he can at the worst but fail, and thus give you opportunity to make a fresh selection. If your predestined Napoleon is as yet a corporal, this change may very possibly advance him to the rank of a sergeant, and to get one step nearer him is worth an effort. Almost everybody was troubled and depressed by the tidings that Meade had replaced Hooker; yet the Army of the Potomac fought its most creditable battle under its new commander only five days afterward, and won a victory that electrified the country.

Let us trust our Government. It is doing its very best; and its progress during the present year has been great. Copperhead oracles dilate on the fact that Lee's army is within a day's march of Washington, and draw thence the conclusion that the War has made no progress during the past two years. They shut their eyes to Port Royal, Roanoke Island, Newbern, New-Orleans, Fort Donelson, Nashville, Corinth, Murfreesboro, Vicksburg, Helena, Port Hudson, Little Rock, &c., &c., and confine their vision to one spot, and test the success or failure of the War by our progress at this point alone. But, even thus unfairly considered, our progress has been considerable since the Rebels obstructed the lower Potomac on one side and the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad on the other, beleaguering with fifty thousand men the Federal Metropolis and McClellan's army one hundred and fifty thousand strong. These days of humiliation are happily passed, and can hardly return but through the restoration of their master-spirit to the position he so grossly forfeited. Our acting generals may not be Marlboroughs, but they are certainly a great improvement on those of our earlier and darker day.

We entreat those in authority to put faith in the People, and never fail to do the right thing at the very instant that its wisdom becomes apparent. Never fear to do exactly what ought to be done, and you will infallibly secure that public confidence which weak timidity would righteously sacrifice while seeking to preserve. "Be just and fear not."

P. S.—A dispatch from Louisville states that Gen. Thomas succeeds Gen. Rosecrans, and that Gen. Grant takes command of the armies of the Cumberland, the Ohio, and Kentucky.

THE INDIANA ELECTION.

An election was held in Indiana on the 13th inst., for County officers only. The vote was of course light. *The Chicago Times* has been boasting of the success of its friends at this election; and, by giving a list of majorities all on one side, from counties which all went the same way last year, makes out some ab[illegible]. The best answer to this weak effort to pour oil into the wounds of the Copperheads will be found in the following table, which impartially presents the vote in every county yet heard from in which there was any party contest. In Allen County, *The Times* claims a majority equal to that of last year—*The Lafayette Journal* asserts that the Copperheads have lost 500. We therefore omit Allen County from the table. It will be seen that in about one-fourth of the State, the Union gain is 3,727.

The strong Union districts are, moreover, not included at all in this table. We believe that there is a Union gain of 600 to 1,000 in the single County of Marion; but not having the exact figures, we have not included it. Let our Copperhead friends draw near and feast from this table:

VOTE OF INDIANA.

Counties.	1863. Union.	1863. Copperhead.	1862. Union.	1862. Cop.
Boone	250	—	330	—
Bartholomew	—	500	—	600
Johnson	—	300	—	675
Knox	—	445	—	582
Lawrence	—	100	—	54
Randolph	700	—	855	—
Floyd	—	600	—	675
Jay	100	—	—	75
Elkhart	200	—	—	39
Noble	600	—	816	—
Madison	—	350	—	630
Tipton	—	100	—	300
Putnam	—	350	—	294
Monroe	—	250	—	312
Orange	—	230	—	629
Pike	—	125	1	—
Vanderburgh	—	6	—	396
Washington	—	500	—	699
Spencer	100	—	—	156
Warren	500	—	480	—
Whitley	—	60	—	218
Warrick	—	98	45	—
St. Joseph's	600	—	316	—
Daviess	—	400	—	300
Jackson	—	700	—	715
Tippecanoe	850	—	519	—
Total	3,900	4,928	2,457	7,212

Copperhead majority in these 26 counties, 1,028; ditto last year, 4,755. Union gain, 3,727. When the other three-fourths of the State are heard from there will be very little left for Copperheads to exult at.

FROM WASHINGTON.

Special Dispatch to The N. Y. Tribune.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 18, 1863.

THE U. S. DISTRICT COURT FOR VIRGINIA.

The United States District Court for Virginia, Judge Underwood presiding, resumes its session at Alexandria to-morrow. Several decrees will probably be pronounced in the course of the week under the Confiscation Law, upon which Judge Underwood is understood to put a different construction from that adopted in other Districts. He holds that, under the Constitution and the laws of the last Congress, not merely the life estate, but the fee simple, of real property is forfeited by treason. He considers that the joint resolution explanatory of the Confiscation Law was not intended to put the life estate construction upon the constitutional provision relative to the subject, but to leave the interpretation of this provision with reference to which two opinions obtain to the courts. Judge Underwood is confirmed in this view by high authority.

GOV. JOHNSON IN FAVOR OF IMMEDIATE EMANCIPATION.

Gov. Andy Johnson has declared himself in favor of immediate emancipation in Tennessee. A member of Government received from him a very thorough going leader from *The Nashville Union*, urging the importance of ridding the State of Slavery at once and forever, every word of which Gov. Johnson said he heartily indorsed.

OUR RELATIONS WITH FRANCE.

However our relations with France may be regarded by the public, there is no reason to fear that any of the pending questions will lead to disagreeable results.

FOREIGN SEED WHEAT FOR DISTRIBUTION.

The Agricultural Bureau have received a quantity of Black Sea wheat, from Odessa, for distribution. From the Royal Agricultural Society of Russia a collection of seeds have been sent for propagation. Wheat has also been received from the Mediterranean, Southern part of France. The report of the crops for September will be ready early next week.

WASHINGTON, Tuesday, Oct. 20, 1863.

THE REMOVAL OF GEN. ROSECRANS.

The removal of Gen. Rosecrans from the command of the Department of the Cumberland has been fully determined upon. Gen. Thomas will be his successor. The fact that Gen. Rosecrans was with Gens. McCook and Crittenden asleep in Chattanooga while Gen. Thomas was fighting a brave and desperate fight alone, has been known to the Government for weeks. It is also understood that Gen. Rosecrans has failed, ever since the battle of Chickamauga, to exhibit in his dispatches a spirit equal to the circumstances in which he found himself. It is now ascertained that Gen. Rosecrans came very near losing his command during the siege of Vicksburg, in consequence of his refusal to assist Gen. Grant, after repeated orders by the Government and requests from Gen. Grant himself, by attacking Bragg so as to make a diversion in Grant's favor, and prevent the reënforcement of Johnston. The Government is satisfied that he was too cautious before crossing the Tennessee, and too rash afterward, in the first case hesitating to obey orders to move, and in the second disregarding orders not to move too rapidly; that, in a word, the Chattanooga campaign was really a failure.

THE RE-ENLISTMENT OF VETERANS.

The Provost-Marshal-General announces that regiments now in service, which reënlist as veteran volunteers, under the provisions of General Orders, Nos. 191 and 305, from the Adjutant-Generals Office, will be credited to the States, and, as far as practicable, to the Congressional Districts and Sub-Districts to which they belong.

THE DELAY IN PERFECTING PRISONER EXCHANGE ARRANGEMENTS.

The Richmond papers are right in attributing the delay in perfecting the arrangements for an exchange to a difference between Commissioners Ould and Meredith, respecting the numbers of prisoners. Gen. Meredith claims that we hold many more than the Rebels, and has the documents in his hands to prove it. Mr. Ould has the effrontery to assert that the balance is on the side of the Rebel Government, but fails to substantiate his assertion.

PROPOSAL TO RAISE A REGIMENT OF SHARPSHOOTERS.

Col. W. S. Rowland of New-York, who is well known in connection with the organization of Rifle Regiments, has made a proposal to Government to raise 1,000 sharpshooters in ten different States under the new call for 300,000 men. The men to be mustered in for three years, and subjected to four months drill in the school of the soldier, and all the details of rifle shooting, at the grounds of the National Rifle Association, near New-York, where competent instructors from the celebrated English Rifle-School at Hythe are engaged. The men to be thoroughly fitted to act as instructors in rifle-shooting, and to be detailed as such to different regiments, or to be attached as sharpshooters in squads of ten to regiments now in service. The plan has received the hearty approval of our most distinguished Generals.

IMPORTANT RECRUITING REGULATIONS.

The following regulations, approved by the Secretary of War, are being promulgated by the Provost-Marshal-General:

District Agents are to be appointed by the Provost-Marshal-General to arrest deserters and procure recruits.

$30 reward will be paid for the apprehension and delivery of a deserter.

$25 premium will be paid to the agents for each accepted recruit presented by them, who has served in the army at least nine months, and been honorably discharged for other cause [illegible]

$15 premium will be paid for all [illegible]

The moneys received from drafted persons as an equivalent [illegible] from service shall constitute a substitute fund for the payment of premiums and bounty to recruits.

The total amount of bounty to be paid to each recruit is $402, of which he will receive $75 cash before leaving the general rendezvous. The balance will be paid to him by installments according to existing regulations.

The monthly compensation of soldiers enlisted under this order will be at the following rates:

If continued in the service three years, Veteran Volunteers $24; other volunteers, not veteran, $21 30.

If discharged at the end of two years—Veterans, $29 70; other volunteers, $25 50.

It honorably mustered out in less than two years, the monthly rate of compensation will be increased as the term of service is diminished.

If the Government shall not require these troops for the full term of three years, and they shall be honorably mustered out before the expiration of their term of enlistment, they shall receive the whole amount of bounty remaining unpaid the same as if the full term had been served. Legal heirs of recruits who die in the service, shall be entitled to the whole bounty remaining unpaid at the time of the soldier's death.

Any person practicing or attempting to practice fraud or imposition either on the Government or the recruit shall be summarily dealt with by a military commission.

Men enlisted under this order will be assigned to old regiments.

WASHINGTON, Wednesday, Oct. 21, 1863.

THE ORDER REMOVING GEN. ROSECRANS.

Your cotemporaries, whose entire ignorance of the change in the command of the Army of the Cumberland was enlightened by the announcement that it had taken place, made exclusively in yesterday's TRIBUNE, and by the dispatch from Louisville in to-day's journals, are hereby informed that the order in the premises was issued several days ago, and carried West by Gen. Hartsuff, an officer of the Adjutant-General's bureau, detailed for the purpose, and also that Secretary Stanton took a special train for Louisville, with intent to meet there Gen. Grant, whom he had never seen.

The removal of Gen. Rosecrans was less a surprise to those who know the interior history of the campaigns of the Army of the Cumberland since the removal of Gen. Buell, than to persons who have no other sources of information than the newspapers. Gen. Thomas is universally conceded to have richly earned the promotion he receives. The only objection made to him in military circles, so far as we are informed, grows out of his refusal to supersede Gen. Buell, when his removal was first determined upon, in consequence of which refusal, and of the remonstrances of Kentuckians of the Guthrie and Crittenden stamp, Gen. Buell retained his command until the elections in the Western States had been lost.

The consolidation of the three Departments of Gens. Grant, Burnside, and Thomas into one Department under the command of the captor of Vicksburg, meets with universal approval. Had this been done before, it is believed that the battle of Chickamauga would either not have been fought or would have been a victory, and that on many other occasions a unity of action might have been secured which would have been the parent of success.

THE COMMUNICATIONS OF THE ARMY SAFE.

If the enemy ever entertained any hopes of permanently cutting the lines of communication by which the Army of the Cumberland receives its supplies, they must now be dissipated. The Cumberland and Tennessee Rivers, until recently too shallow to be navigable by the gunboats, have risen very greatly—one of them not less than 22 feet. Admiral Porter has taken advantage of this circumstance to go with his squadron to points where he can render essential service to the army.

THE APPORTIONMENT OF THE NEW TROOPS.

The work of apportioning the number of troops to be raised under the last call of the President among the several States and the District of Columbia has been begun at the office of the Provost-Marshal-General. The States thus far apportioned, and the number of men to be raised by each, is as follows:

Maine	7,581	Connecticut	8,472
New-Hampshire	3,768	New-York	33,268
Vermont	3,331	Delaware	1,136
Massachusetts	15,126	Indiana	18,297

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC MUST FIGHT.

The message which the President sent to Gen. Meade last Saturday deserves to be recorded as a part of the history of the campaign now drawing to a close. Mr. Lincoln told General Meade that he must find and fight the enemy at once; that if he won a victory, he should have all the glory; but if he were defeated, he himself would, as Commander-in-Chief, assume the responsibility.

EXPLORATIONS IN NEW-MEXICO.

An interesting report of explorations in New-Mexico has just reached the General Land-Office. The party proceeded some 500 miles west beyond Santa Fé, and within a short distance of the Colorado River, where new and large deposits of gold were discovered. This gold is found in placers on the mountains, and in what are termed dried veins. The specimens sent are rough, no water flowing over the beds. The location is about 90 miles north of the Overland Mail route to California.

To the Associated Press.

WASHINGTON, Tuesday, Oct. 20, 1863.

UNITED STATES DISTRICT JUDGE OF FLORIDA.

Thomas Jefferson Boynton, late United States Attorney for the Southern District of Florida, was to-day appointed Judge of the same District, in place of Marvin. The adjudication of prize cases has been delayed by the vacancy, which has for several months existed.

THE ELECTIONS.

OHIO ELECTION.

Counties.	1863. Brough's Union Maj.	1863. Vallandigham's Copper. Maj.	1862. Kenyon's Union. Maj.	1862. Armstrong's Dem. Maj.	Union Gain.
Adams	15	—	—	533	548
Allen	—	21	—	629	608
Ashland	—	172	—	534	362
Ashtabula	4000	—	2601	—	1399
Athens	1781	—	760	—	1021
Auglaize	—	600	—	1197	597
Belmont	75	—	—	953	1028
Brown*	191	—	—	977	1168
Butler	—	1015	—	1320	305
Carroll	540	—	99	—	441
Champaign	1050	—	117	—	933
Clarke	1712	—	1023	—	689
Clermont	128	—	—	570	698
Clinton	1000	—	514	—	486
Columbiana	2000	—	911	—	1089
Coshocton	—	—	—	857	—
Crawford	—	1041	—	1327	286
Cuyahoga	5565	—	2664	—	2901
Darke	—	350	—	1142	792
Defiance	—	375	—	605	230
Delaware†	980	—	417	—	563
Erie	1651	—	635	—	1017
Fairfield	—	1157	—	1809	652
Fayette	650	—	324	—	326
Franklin	—	722	—	1967	1245
Fulton	955	—	880	—	75
Gallia	1462	—	358	—	1104
Geauga	2609	—	1585	—	1024
Greene	1906	—	970	—	936
Guernsey	660	—	166	—	494
Hamilton	6791	—	—	1337	8128
Hancock	—	175	—	570	405
Hardin	285	—	—	246	531
Harrison	800	—	287	—	513
Henry	—	—	—	335	—
Highland	440	—	—	390	830
Hocking	—	325	—	980	655
Holmes	—	1500	—	1767	267
Huron	2237	—	1369	—	868
Jackson	378	—	—	34	413
Jefferson	830	—	691	—	139
Knox	219	—	—	423	642
Lake	2394	—	1329	—	1065
Lawrence	1400	—	199	—	1201
Licking	—	469	—	1291	822
Logan	1021	—	399	—	622
Lorain	2613	—	2110	—	503
Lucas	2100	—	1864	—	236
Madison	310	—	10	—	300
Mahoning	500	—	134	—	366
Marion	—	134	—	381	247
Medina	1829	—	901	—	928
Meigs	1800	—	356	—	1444
Mercer	—	—	—	1105	—
Miami	1502	—	477	—	1025
Monroe	—	800	—	1905	1105
Montgomery	66	—	—	873	940
Morgan	784	—	147	—	637
Morrow	550	—	69	—	481
Muskingum	800	—	—	555	1355
Noble	—	—	—	291	—
Ottawa	tie.	—	—	330	330
Paulding	705	—	262	—	443
Perry	—	233	—	641	408
Pickaway	80	—	—	597	677
Pike	—	408	—	838	430
Portage	2000	—	805	—	1195
Preble	950	—	636	—	314
Putnam	—	—	—	704	—
Richland	—	300	—	934	634
Ross	450	—	—	1062	1512
Sandusky	—	72	—	519	447
Scioto	450	—	—	556	1006
Seneca[illegible]	—	[illegible]	—	[illegible]	[illegible]
Stark	600	—	—	782	1382
Summit	2199	—	1312	—	887
Trumbull	2500	—	1607	—	893
Tuscarawas	31	—	—	1094	1125
Union	877	—	338	—	539
Van Wert	tie.	—	—	166	166
Vinton	—	240	—	526	286
Warren	2300	—	1867	—	433
Washington	891	—	—	376	1267
Wayne	—	106	—	800	694
Williams	—	—	64	—	—
Wood‡	1105	—	1259	—	—
Wyandot	—	7	—	497	490
Total	73,403	16,297	30,116	33,356	63,578

Brough's majority on home vote thus far....61,606

* One Township to hear from. † Four Townships to hear from. ‡ Union loss, 154.

Verdict of the Ohio Soldiers.

The returns of soldiers' votes continue at about the same rate as first received. The "Soldiers' Friend," who "waits and watches" over yonder, evidently is not appreciated by the army.

We give below the votes of the army as far as they have come to hand:

	Brough.	Val'ndigham.
Troops at Buchanan, Va.	73	none
12th Regiment	450	none
23d Regiment	484	none
White's brigade	1,250	8
Ohio men in 5th Virginia	251	none
Gilbert's brigade	1,500	22
Ohio troops at Charlestown, Va.	2,733	50
100th Ohio, in East Tennessee	295	18
[illegible]th Ohio, in East Tennessee	499	none
104th Ohio, in East Tennessee	475	4
Konkle's battery, in East Tennessee	67	none
Shields's (19th Ohio) battery, in East Tennessee	98	none
79th Regiment, at Edgefield, Tenn.	413	5
[illegible]th Regiment, at Beverly, Va.	617	none
Ohio men at Clarksburg, Va.	24	11
Camp Dennison	138	6
Ohio troops at Nashville	627	25
In two hospitals at Nashville	191	none
Hoffman Battalion, Johnson's Island	193	16
Ohio troops at Cairo	66	4
In Invalid Corps, Elmira, N. Y.	60	1
In Rosecrans's army (in part)	9,424	252
Fuller's brigade, Memphis	1,590	91
1st Regiment Heavy Artillery, at Covington, Ky.	845	29
Troops at Washington, Alexandria, and Annapolis	857	42
Troops in St. Louis hospitals	60	none
Troops in Philadelphia hospitals	60	1
Twenty-seventh, 30th, 43d and 63d Ohio Infantry at Memphis	1,681	91
Total	25,309	628

Majority for Brough....24,681.

Where are the Copperhead soldiers?

IOWA ELECTION.

Vote for Governor.

MAJORITIES FOR STONE, Union.		MAJORITIES FOR TUTTLE, Dem.	
Benton	360	Appanoose	310
Buchanan	415	Dubuque	1,[illegible]
Blackhawk	750	Davis	34
Bremer	400	Marion	180
Cass	80	Wapello	31
Clayton	600	Total	1,625
Clinton	400		
Dallas	268		
Delaware	500		
Des Moines	291		
Fremont	120		
Guthrie	15		
Henry	1,200		
Jefferson	165		
Jasper	470		
Johnson	150		
Jones	500		
Keokuk	150		
Linn	1,000		
Louisa	821		
Lee	100		
Lucas	128		
Marshall	500		
Madison	175		
Mills	130		
Muscatine	350		
Mahaska	670		
Monroe	11		
Pottawattamie	150		
Polk	200		
Poweshiek	150		
Scott	1,200		
Van Buren	3[illegible]		
Warren	425		
Washington	500		
Total	12,574		

THE PENNSYLVANIA ELECTION.

Counties.	Governor, 1863. Union. Curtin.	Governor, 1863. Copper. Woodward.	Auditor, 1862. Union. Cochran.	Auditor, 1862. Dem. Slenker.
*Allegheny	7,656	—	4,128	—
Armstrong	300	—	—	424
*Adams	—	228	—	413
Beaver	1,000	—	534	—
Bedford	—	271	—	641
*Berks	—	6,621	—	5,914
*Blair	197	—	604	—
*Bradford	3,762	—	4,053	—
Bucks	—	430	—	707
Butler	500	—	153	—
Cambria	—	700	—	1,194
*Carbon	—	577	—	709
*Chester	2,400	—	2,254	—
*Clearfield	—	952	—	851
Crawford	1,901	—	1,417	—
*Cumberland	—	630	—	814
Cameron	75	—	80	—
Clarion	—	1,000	—	865
Clinton	—	300	—	357
*Columbia	—	1,241	—	1,374
*Centre	—	314	—	631
*Dauphin	1,190	—	874	—
*Delaware	1,673	—	1,311	—
Erie	2,000	—	1,542	—
*Elk	—	387	—	311
*Fulton	—	261	—	233
Franklin	330	—	17	—
Fayette	—	450	—	600
Forrest	75	—	39	—
Greene	—	1,500	—	1,390
*Huntingdon	1,023	—	643	—
Indiana	2,050	—	1,900	—
*Juniata	—	291	—	154
Jefferson	200	—	—	73
*Lancaster	5,691	—	4,939	—
Lebanon	1,010	—	839	—
*Lehigh	—	1,800	—	1,946
*Luzerne	—	2,766	—	2,081
*Lycoming	—	451	—	923
Lawrence	2,030	—	1,493	—
McKean	200	—	152	—
*Mifflin	83	—	98	—
*Monroe	—	2,025	—	1,659
*Montgomery	—	1,251	—	1,547
*Montour	—	335	—	674
Mercer	600	—	372	—
*Northampton	—	2,893	—	2,491
*Northumberland	—	707	—	989
*Philadelphia	7,081	—	2,601	—
Pike	—	600	—	639
Potter	800	—	777	—
Perry	200	—	—	49
Sullivan	—	275	—	329
Somerset	1,500	—	1,060	—
*Snyder	425	—	339	—
Susquehanna	1,200	—	1,196	—
*Schuylkill	—	2,041	—	1,594
Tioga	2,868	—	1,986	—
*Union	765	—	425	—
*Venango	317	—	69	—
Wyoming	—	40	—	191
*Westmoreland	—	1,089	—	1,367
*Wayne	—	941	—	941
Warren	800	—	653	—
Washington	300	—	—	429
*York	—	2,549	—	3,050
Total	53,675	35,960	37,186	40,668

* Official.

Maj. for Curtin, 17,909; Maj. for Slenker in 1862, 3,382. Union gain, 21,291.

We have made, says *The Philadelphia Bulletin* of the 20th, a careful revision and correction of our election tables, adding all the new official returns that have been received, and the vote for Governor stands thus at present:

	Curtin.	Woodward.
Thirty-five counties, official	158,821	153,083
Thirty-one counties, unofficial	19,700	7,161
Total	178,689	160,344
	160,244	
Curtin's majority	18,435	

The full official returns will change this majority slightly, but we think it will not go below 18,000.

In the vote for Supreme Judge, Agnew falls slightly behind Gov. Curtin, but his majority over Lowrie is likely to be fully 15,000.

The total vote of the State is likely to reach 520,000. The largest vote ever polled before was in October, 1862, amounting to 492,672.

The State Legislature, we think, will stand as follows:

	Senate.	House.	Total.
Union	17	52	69
Opposition	16	48	64
Union majority on joint ballot			5

Washington County elects two Union members of the House, which have heretofore been claimed by the Opposition.

SECRET HISTORY OF THE REBELLION.

Another of Jeff. Davis's Letters—Prepara[illegible] in 1856—Will[illegible]ous Propositions by J. M. Mason.

WASHINGTON, October 18, 1863.

The following is a copy of a letter from Mason to Jeff. Davis, and was found among the intercepted correspondence of the latter. It plainly shows the treasonable purposes of the writer at the time of its date:

"SELMA, near WINCHESTER, Va, Sept. 30, 1856.

"MY DEAR SIR: I have a letter from Wise, of the 27th, full of spirit. He says the governments of North Carolina, South Carolina, and Louisiana, have already agreed to the *rendezvous* at Raleigh, and others will—this in your *most private ear*. He says further that he had officially requested you to exchange with Virginia, on fair terms of difference, percussion for flint muskets. I don't know the usage or power of the Department in such cases, but, if it can be done, even by liberal construction, I hope you will accede. Was there not an appropriation at the last session for converting flint into percussion arms? If so, would it not furnish good reason for extending such facilities to the States? Virginia probably has more arms than the other Southern States, and would divide in case of need. In a letter yesterday to a committee in South Carolina, I gave it as my judgment, in the event of Fremont's election, the South should not pause, but proceed at once to "immediate, absolute, and *eternal* separation." So I am a candidate for the first halter.

Wise says his accounts from Philadelphia are cheering for Old Buck in Pennsylvania. I hope they be not delusive. Vale et Salute, J. M. MASON.

Colonel DAVIS.

HIGHLY IMPORTANT FROM TEXAS.

Landing of Gen. Banks at the Mouth of the Rio Grande.

The steamship Fulton, from Port Royal, arrived this morning, brings us *The New South* of Oct. 17, from which we extract the following important intelligence relative to the Texas Expedition, under Generals Banks and Franklin:

The U. S. steamer Bienville, Commander Mullany, of the Western Gulf Squadron, touched in this harbor, on her way to Philadelphia for repairs. She brings the important intelligence, which had been received at New-Orleans just before her departure, that the grand expedition under Major-Gen. Banks in person, had effected a landing at Point Isabel, Texas, a small place at the mouth of the Rio Grande—two corps, one under Major-Gen. Franklin, and the other in command of a Major-General whose name we did not learn.

The successful occupation of Point Isabel will give us in a short time possession of Brownsville, which is opposite Matamoras, Mexico, a grand *entrepot* of the Rebels, from which the munitions of war and needed supplies are transferred across the Rio Grande to the former place by means of small boats. A large portion of Confederate cotton, which has been sent to Europe to purchase supplies, has passed through Brownsville to Anglo-Rebel blockade runners, lying on the Mexican or neutral side of the river.

Of course our occupation of the place will effectually put a stop to all this illegal traffic, and at the same time will enable our blockaders to close up the river with a small force. In one other matter the occupation of Texas will have an important bearing. It will enable the Government to keep a powerful corps of observation on the very border of the theater of French operations in Mexico, which may be made quickly available, in case our complicated relations with Napoleon should result in war with that grasping and unprincipled potentate.

Major-General Banks, always active and ever victorious, will soon be in possession of all the important points in Texas, and practically of the entire State. It is understood that another corps of his army is coöperating with him from the direction of the Red River country. We anticipate glorious news from that interesting quarter by the next steamer.

Gen. Grant's New Command—Arrival of the Secretary of War—Railroad Accident at Murfreesboro, &c.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., Tuesday, Oct. 20, 1863.

Quartermaster-General Meigs and staff arrived here this evening. He reports that Gen. Grant assumes command of the Department of the Cumberland, Tennessee and Ohio, to be called the Military Division of Mississippi.

Gen. Thomas, it is reported, is to command the Army of the Cumberland.

Gen. Hooker is at Stevenson, Alabama.

E. M. Stanton, the Secretary of War, has arrived here on a special train. He is the guest of Judge Catron.

FROM THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC

Special Dispatch to The N. Y. Tribune.

WASHINGTON, Wednesday, Oct. 21, 1863.

The present campaign of the army of the Potomac is apparently drawing to a close. It is to-night not very far from the cantonments which it occupied previously to its hurried march toward Washington, and the Rebels are supposed to be a day's march in advance of us.

The following is from our correspondent, W. R. H., who returned from the front to-night:

On Monday morning Buford went through Thoroughfare Gap with two brigades of cavalry. The Rebel infantry got behind him and he had to cut his way back through the infantry and through the Gap to New-Baltimore, where he camped on Monday night. On Tuesday morning he moved in again through Thoroughfare Gap, this time successfully.

On Monday there was skirmishing all day. In the afternoon Stuart made a dash on our lines and captured the 7th Maryland Infantry, 3d Division, 1st Corps, just at the right of Thoroughfare Gap. On Monday night the 2d and 3d Corps camped at Bristoe, and marched to Bealton on Tuesday.

On Tuesday affairs were generally more quiet. All heavy baggage was sent to the rear, and the army stripped for the fight which we supposed likely to ensue on the morrow.

On the retreat of our forces they blew up the railroad bridges. The Rebels have since blown up the stone abutments.

In the skirmish on Monday night, Major Clark and 60 men of the 5th Michigan Cavalry, dismounted as skirmishers, were captured by a body of infantry, at Buckland Mills.

The Rebels then dashed on to within two miles of Gainesville, and skirmished there.

On Tuesday neither Gregg's nor Kilpatrick's division had any skirmishing—the first day of rest enjoyed by them since Sept. 9. Kilpatrick is reported to have made a raid beyond Warrenton, near Water Mountain on Tuesday, but was driven back with heavy loss.

Our headquarters on Tuesday night was at Gainesville, the whole army steadily moving forward.

On Thursday last Capt. Sam. R. Urquhart, 3d Brigade, 3d Division, 6th Corps Commissary, was captured by Rebels between Fairfax and Chantilly, while on his way to the front. Capt. Wheeler, Brigade Quartermaster, 3d Brigade, 1st Division, 6th Corps, and Lieut. Bradford, were captured the day before.

Two sutlers are reported to have been killed on Monday morning, between Fairfax and Alexandria, while trying to get back.

The general opinion is that the Rebels are all of a day in advance, but leave sufficient force to prevent rapid movements forward. There is no probability of a battle.

IMPORTANT FROM EAST TENNESSEE.

Gen. Burnside Closing on the Rebels—Battle at Blue Springs—Rout of the Enemy.

KNOXVILLE, Tenn., Oct. 17, 1863.

Major-Gen. H. W. HALLECK, *General-in-Chief, Washington:*

On the 8th inst. the enemy held down as far as Blue Springs, and a cavalry brigade of ours held Bull's Gap, supported by a small body of infantry at Morristown.

I accordingly dispatched a brigade of cavalry around by Rodgersville to intercept the enemy's retreat, and with a considerable body of infantry and artillery moved to Bull's Gap.

On Saturday, the 10th inst., I advanced a cavalry brigade to Blue Springs, where they found the enemy strongly posted, and offering a stubborn resistance.

Skirmishing continued until about 5 o'clock in the morning, when I sent in a division of infantry, who charged and cleared the woods, gallantly driving the enemy in confusion until dark.

During the night the enemy retreated precipitately, leaving their dead on the field, and most of their wounded in our hands.

We pursued in the morning with infantry and cavalry. The intercepting force met them at Henderson's, but owing to some misunderstanding withdrew and allowed them to pass with only a slight check.

The pursuit was continued until evening, when I withdrew most of my infantry, and returned to this place.

Gen. Shackelford with his cavalry and a brigade of infantry continued the pursuit, the enemy making a stand at every important position; but he has driven them completely from the State, captured the fort at Zollicoffer, and burned the long railroad bridge at that place and five other bridges, and destroyed three locomotives and about thirty-five cars.

His advance is now ten miles beyond Bristol.

Our loss at Blue Springs and in the pursuit was about 100 killed and wounded.

The enemy's loss was considerably greater.

About 150 prisoners were taken.

A. E. BURNSIDE, Major-General.

From Kentucky and Tennessee.

CINCINNATI, Wednesday, Oct. 21, 1863.

A special dispatch to *The Commercial*, from Catlettsburg, Ky., says the expedition sent out by Col. Gallup, commanding the Eastern District of Kentucky, consisting of detachments of the 14th and 39th Ky. Regiments, returned, bringing 50 prisoners, 60 horses and 60 stand of arms, without the loss of a man. Eastern Kentucky is pretty well cleared of Rebels.

The Nashville correspondence of *The Gazette* says: "We hold the country from Bristol to Hiawassa."

Parson Brownlow and Horace Maynard made speeches at Knoxville on the 13th. Both indorsed the Administration, and fully favored immediate emancipation in East Tennessee.

Tree Cotton.

To the Editor of The N. Y. Tribune.

SIR: In reply to an article on this subject in a recent number of your paper, permit me to state that I had planted at Flushing, L. I., in May last, some of the Tree Cotton which was advertised in your paper by Israel T. Brown of New-London, and F. & L. Many, No. 48 Warren street, New-York. I have now over 100 plants, most of them from 2 to 3 feet high, beside having given away a number. Mr. Prince of Flushing exhibited several of them at the recent meeting of the "Queen's County Agricultural Society." I send you this statement in order to do justice to those gentlemen, as they sold a genuine article, which has matured beautifully. They offered it simply as an experiment. I am satisfied with the result, if it is simply to see as a curiosity, the cotton plant in full leaf in our climate. I have no doubt it will grow anywhere in our gardens, giving an opportunity to see what the cotton plant is, even if it does not boll. I also planted the New-Orleans and Sea Island seed, and have both kinds in full blossom, 4 to 5 feet high, and the bolls forming. In two or three weeks, if no frost occurs, the cotton will expand. I intend to keep some of the Tree Cotton plants under cover, and will cheerfully send one or two to any person gratis, who will pay the expense of transfer. Any one who wishes can obtain a plant gratis, by addressing Wm. R. Prince, esq., Flushing, L. I.

Yours truly, T. BOURNE.

Flushing, L. I., Oct. 17, 1863.

P. S. Perhaps others who have tried it might furnish you with results of their experiment.

Important to Nurserymen.

A new material has lately been patented and manufactured which will doubtless supersede oil silk or muslin for packing plants to be sent by mail, and for many other purposes for which these materials are commonly used. It is the invention of Mr. J. H. Green, whose name is familiar to many of our readers, and is called Green's Patent India-Rubber Paper. Its cost is much less than the materials usually employed by nurserymen for these purposes, and we think that horticulturists generally will thank THE TRIBUNE for calling their attention to it, and for testing it on a large scale, as has been done in the past few weeks in packing THE TRIBUNE Prize Strawberries, for which purpose it has been entirely satisfactory.

For further information address JOHN K. EVANS, Agent for Patentee, Box No. 4,901 New-York Post-Office.

THE MARKETS.

Money Market.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 21—P. M.

Gold took a sharp turn down this morning, and at one time sold as low as 143¾, a fall of 4 ⅌ cent from the extreme rate of last night. From this point the market rallied to 143¾@144 at the Stock Exchange. At noon the rate was 144. At 4 p. m. the quotation was 144¼@144½. The operations in gold have been very large of late, and over speculation is understood to be "short" $2,750,000. Stocks were in demand early in the day, Erie selling at 109¼; New-York Central, 135½; Hudson, 138; Harlem, 95; and old Southern 85½. At the Stock Exchange there was a continued good demand for Government Securities, particularly the 7.30s and the long loan, at 6 ⅌ cent; for 6s, 1881, clean coupons, 110 was paid. Debt Certificates are stronger and in demand. For all solid investment securities, the demand continues, and trifling lots only are offered. This remark applies to all Gas stocks, Bank shares, Insurance stocks, and a few State bonds, the latter being almost entirely out of market. Border State Stocks weaker. California 7s, under the breakdown in gold, fell to 119@119½; Canton Co. closed 34¼@½; Cumberland very active, closing 36½@36¾; Pacific Mail, 229@230; Central American Transit Co., 39@39½; New-York Central, 135¼@135½; Erie Railway, 108¾@108⅞; do. Preferred, 104¼@104½; Hudson River, 136½@136¾; Harlem, 92@93, and much excited; do. Preferred, 110@100; Reading, 122¼@122½; Michigan Central, 124@124½; Michigan Southern, 87@87¼; Michigan Southern Guaranteed, 145½@145¾; Illinois Central Scrip, 123½@123¾; Cleveland and Pittsburgh, 104¼@104½; Galena and Chicago, 111¼@111½; Cleveland and Toledo, 114½@114¾; Rock Island, 107½@107¾; Chicago, Burlington and Quincy, 128@130; Harlem close offered at 90. Stocks between the Boards, and at the second session were strong, and in many cases higher. New-York Central has been active, and closes firm at 138¼. Its friends are confident that its financial statement will average 140 for the stock. Erie was in demand. In Harlem the fluctuations were less violent, and the rate at 4 p. m. was 93. Michigan Southern common has been very prominent, opening at 83 and closing 87½. The Company has heard of no legal proceedings, and expect none. The market has a more confident appearance than for several days, and more inclination has been shown to buy for another advance by speculating brokers who are able to move with vigor. The latest quotations (5 o'clock) were: New-York Central, 138½@¾; [illegible]

Grain, Provisions, and other Markets.

[illegible]

NEW-YORK CATTLE MARKET.

[illegible]

F. E. DRAKE & Co.,

[illegible] Broadway, N. Y.

Three Cheers!

[For The Tribune.

I.

Three cheers for the Union, for freedom, for right!
For law and for liberty looming in sight!
When bullets and ballots in victory combine,
Let tyrants and traitors turn pale at the sign!

Chorus.

The Union must stand, the Union must stand!
We'll trust in Jehovah, and fight for our land!

II.

Three cheers for Ohio, the Queen of the West!
She spurns the vile traitor in scorn from her breast!
Her voice like deep thunder resounds from afar:
"The way to make peace is to harness for war!"

III.

Three cheers Pennsylvania, the Key of the Arch!
The Curt(a)in that darkened invasion's proud march,
Like the cloud that hung radiant o'er Israel's flight,
To traitors is terror, confusion and night!

IV.

Three cheers Indiana, and Iowa too!
For freedom and union all loyal and true!
Go on, Father Abraham, liberate, smite!
We're with you, all with you, for union and right!

V.

New-York will be with you; her wavering is past,
And the hosts of her freemen are hurrying fast;
The tramp of her millions already we hear,
New-York will be with you, her triumph is near!

VI.

Missouri is coming, her bondage is o'er,
And Slavery and Treason shall blight her no more;
And Kentucky and Maryland answering cry:
"With the border united Rebellion must die!"

VII.

And then, when sweet peace shall be with us once more,
And smile benedictions o'er mountain and shore,
We'll tread freer soil than our sires ever trod,
Baptized by new martyrs to freedom and God.

GEO. LANSING TAYLOR.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by G. L. Taylor, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New-York.

*DOWN IN TENNESSEE...VIII.

BY EDMUND KIRKE.

Author of "Among the Pines."

There are two classes of poor Southern whites, of marked and decidedly opposite characteristics. The type of the one is of low stature, with abbreviated body, elongated arms and legs, dull, heavy eyes, coarse, carrotty hair, saffron-hued skin, and a small head, shaped like a cocoanut. The other is tall, and well-formed, with a gaunt, loose-jointed frame, a rough, dark skin, wiry black hair, keen, restless eyes, and an artless, confiding manner, which, with a certain air of self-possession, indicates that he knows little of the world, but feels fully able to cope with what little he does know. The first is physically and intellectually a "bad job," and it might sensibly be questioned why he was created, for he appears incapable of either mental or moral culture; but the other possesses all the "raw material" of manhood—and manhood, too, of the noblest type. Education, discipline, social advantages, and political freedom are needed to bring out his nature, but when it is brought out, he shows himself a Man. The first class, who are few in number, and fast melting away before the advance of a stronger race and a more robust civilization, are found principally on the Sand-hills of North Carolina, and in the mountain regions of Lower Virginia and Upper Georgia. There a little above "the brute-[illegible] perish," and a "long way lower down dan de darkies," they build their pole cabins, and glean a sorry subsistence from hunting, fishing, and a few sterile acres. The other class, who are counted by millions, and are scattered from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, are the bone and sinew of the South, the prop and foundation of Slavery, and the hope and expectation of Freedom, for on them, more than on immense armies, or garrisoned cities, will depend the safety and perpetuity of the Union. An unprincipled aristocracy has robbed them of knowledge, and moulded them to its own base uses, but whenever truth has reached them they have shown an unselfish devotion to it, and to the Union, which we time-servers and money-lovers of the North know nothing of. In East Tennessee, where Parson Brownlow has been their great apostle, and *The Knoxville Whig* their Bible and spelling-book, they have exhibited a heroic patriotism which the world—and I say this with a very small smattering of history—has seldom witnessed. The deeds they have done, the sacrifices they have made, the sufferings they have endured for a Government which has closed its eyes to their sorrows, and its ears to their complaints, will be read of and wondered at, when this generation shall have passed away. Their story is not yet told, but when it is told, many a cheek will mantle with shame—as mine has—to hear of what these poor, unlettered men, women and children have done and suffered for their country, while we have been growing fat on its necessities, and looking idly on, as it seemed tottering to its ruin.

From this latter class sprang Patrick Henry, Thomas Jefferson, Andrew Jackson, Henry Clay, Andrew Johnson, Parson Brownlow, President Lincoln, and—Long Tom, whom "the Captain" told the reader something about in my last paper.

The "native" gentleman entered the tent with a quick, energetic step, and bowing respectfully to the Parson, and giving me a grasp of the hand and a cordial "How dy'ge, stranger?" turned suddenly on the old negro, with:

"Wall, old thundergust, how's yo?"

"I'se well 'nuff," replied the black, giving his shoulders a petulant shrug.

"Go to the Col.'s, Jule, and borrow a chair for the Lieutenant," said the Captain.

The negro glanced inquiringly at the Parson, but seeing no answering look in his face, turned his head away, and, again shrugging his shoulders, replied:

"Leff him gwo hisseff; Jule 'tends on gemmen: he doan't tend on no poo' white trash—he doan't."

"Thet's yer Christun sperret, ye black hyppercrit," rejoined the native, laughing, and at the same time drawing the Captain's traveling trunk from the corner, and seating himself upon it. "I'll show ye how we white Christians pays good fur evil one on these days fur I'll 'tend on ye—I'll bury ye! an' I woan't pile more'n six inches o' sile on yer bones, so ye'll hev a right easy time gittin' up ter the resurrection."

As the "native" took his seat I glanced at his appearance. He seemed somewhere between 25 and 30, and was about six feet three inches high, with well-formed limbs, finely developed frame, clear, dark eyes, and a broad, full forehead. His face was open, frank and manly, and there played about it a mingled expression of kindness and sadness, which was strangely blended with a latent mirth, that seemed ready to break out on the slightest provocation.

As he seated himself he turned to me, and in an abrupt, energetic tone, said:

"Wall, stranger, the Capt'n ses ye'd loike ter look at me; wal, I'se yere. I'se six foot three, without leathers, weigh a hun'red an' eighty, kin whip twice my heft in wild-cats, bars, or rattlesnakes, an' ivery inch on me ar yourn ter komand, ef ye goes in, body an' boots, fur the Union, as the Capt'n reckons ye does, though he ses ye gwo it the talkin', an' not the fightin' way; an' I rather expect ye Yankees 'ns gin'rally 'bout as lief talk as fight."

"I had much rather," I replied, laughing; "but I reckon you might do a little talking, if you tried."

"My old mother allers said I hed suthin' uv a tongue. She used ter 'clare ter gracious it war hung in the middle, an' hed a way uv gwine at both ends; an' yet somehow, it never done me no good. But whar dy'ge b'long, stranger?"

"In New-York."

"Oh, yas, I's hearn uv thet place. Up thar Nuth, clus ter the North Pole, hain't it?"

"Not very close to the Pole, but in that direction."

"An' hes ye uver seed the Nuth Pole?"

"No, I never saw it, but I believe there is such a thing."

"An' whar mought it be?"

"It 'mought' be here, but it isn't;" I replied, smiling. "Boston is the 'hub of the universe'—I reckon it's there."

"It mus' be a rantankerous Pole. How big d'ye 'spose it ar? Big as thet ar maple?" pointing to the tree under which the Parson had preached his sermon, and which was visible from the doorway of the tent.

"Larger than ten of that placed one on the other, and spliced at top and bottom."

"Jerusalamm! but it ar a pole! D'ye know I's made out what the yerth has sech a thing for?"

"No; why is it?"

"Fur steerin'! I's bin on the Big Drink (the Mississippi), an' seed how they does it. But, Parson, it upsets what ye sez 'bout the yerth bein' round."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the Chaplain, laughing; "And if the earth isn't round, how is it shaped?"

"Loike a steambut, ter be shore," replied the native, with a gravity so well assumed that, for a time, it deceived even the Parson; "Hain't ye seed them ar big poles at the fore, as they call it, uv the buts on the Big Drink; an' how them fellers at the wheel plumbs thar coorse by 'em. Now, ef the yerth hev un' o' them, doan't it nat'rally foller thet it's shaped loike a steambut? An' I knows it ar', 'case I's bin whar I c'ud luck slapdown over the side, right onter the most relarmin' purpindicular presurpiss ye over seed, even in yer dreams."

Amid the general laugh which followed, I asked:

"And how did you get a sight at that 'relarmin' presurpiss'?"

"I'd tell ye, but it's a mighty long story."

"Never mind its length, Tom," said the Chaplain, "tell it."

"Wall, ye see," said Tom, taking a "swig" at the toddy, and coolly lighting one of the Captain's cigars, "I war a livin' long uv dad, over thar in Bladsoe, whar I war raised; an' uv' mornin' dad ses ter me, ses he, 'Tom, hitch up the two-yar-old he'ffer, an' fotch a load o' light-'ood frum the mounting.' Now, dad hed a small dead'nin' up thar thet we was a clarin' uv timber; so, I hitched up the cow-brute, an' piked fur the mounting I'd wuck'd till 'bout a hour by sun, an' hed the cart chock heapin' with pine knots an' timber, when I sot down onter it ter eat up whot war left uv my dinner—fur I know'd ef I tuck it hom, an' dad seed it, my sup-per'd be breverated jes' so much. Wall, I war jest a swollerin' down the last mossel, when, thinkin' it war 'bout time ter be a hitchin' up the heffer, I luck'd round, an' whot d'ye 'spose I seed? Two on the most oncommonest, riproarin' big cart-wheel snakes ye uver hearn on in all yer borned days, an' they pikein' stret fur me!"

"And what is a cart-wheel snake?" I asked.

"Why, it ar a sarpent 'bout twelve foot long, thet hes a way uv kotchin' its tail in its mouth—leavin' a small eend out fur a snapper; an' crackin' on it, when it travels, jest like we cracks a whip—an then rollin' itself over the ground loike it war a cart wheel. Wall, I seed them ar two outdacious varmunts a comin' onter me, an' ses I ter myself: 'Tom, you haint got no fambly—an' thet's 'mazin' lucky fur the fambly—but as a lone critter, as yer arnt Sal use ter say uv herseff, yo'r gone up, sartin'.' An' I thort I war, but the Lord know'd better, fur He seed this war was a cummin', an' he know'd I'd be uv some use in gavin' [illegible] the brimstun. Ye sees, Parson, I's a larnin' ter [illegible] the tough words."

"Yes, I see," said the Chaplain, "you're improving fast in everything but—lying."

"Lyin'," echoed Tom, in an injured tone, "I nuver lied in all my borned days—'cept ter Stun River; an, I thar lied fur two all-fired long nights—in the mud up ter my knees. Ye 'scuses that sin, Parson, 'case ye hed brush fur beddin'."

"And I had you to thank for it. Tom, you *are* a trump—the very jack of clubs."

"Thank ye, Parson. I sots high on yer 'pinion 'bout uverything 'cept hoss flesh; but in thet, I does 'sist—agin the Captain—thet ye doant know a mule from a pile o' wood. But 'bout them snakes. They come stret at me, an' luckin' me squar in the eye fur a minnet, licked thar big jaws with thar forked tongues, as much as ter say: 'Yo'll make a right nice mossel, ye wall,' an' then klied thareslves right tight round the cartwheels. I didn't 'spicion whot they was a gwine 'bout, fur, 'lowin' *I'd* make a right smart meal fur 'um, I did n't see whot yerthly use they hed for the light-'ood. Howsomever, they know'd best, an' in less time nur it takes ter tell it, they'd hitched up, an', with the hull apparitus—cart' light-'ood, an' all—war tossin' thar heads, and' crackin' thar whips, an' mosoyin' off fur sundown streter nur lightnin' uver shot from a thunder-cloud. Ye'd better b'leive they travlled. They piked over the roads, an' through the clarin's, buckle-to-it, splittin' the a'r clean in two, an' leavin' a tornado we kotched up with so fur ahind thet I reckon it haint got thar yit."

"But how did they manage the shafts of the cart all this time?" I asked. "I should think they would have caught in the bushes."

"Oh, the snakes know'd too much fur thet; they turned the cart clean round, an' toted it hind eend afore."

"They were sensible snakes."

"Ye nuver said a truer word nur thet, stranger. Wall, as I sot thar, gwine toards sundown at thet relarmin' rate, with thet bore-constructor sort uv a team, I jest hed time ter think, an' ses I ter myself: 'Tom, ye haint much larnin', but ye is a outdacious, disgnation, nat'ral-borned fool, ef ye karn't outwit two sech flat noggin sarpunts as these is.' I hedn't more'n got the words out'n my mouth when the new moon ris up 'bove the horizon, right afore me, an' not more'n a mile off, with its two horns a stickin' eout, as much as ter say: 'Now, Tom—now's yer chance. Jest guv a long leap; git up yere, an' take a tower clar round creation fur nuthin'.' I didn't need more'n thet hint, so I squatted on my haunches fur a jump, an' when we'd come within a quarter uv a mile uv the moon I gav a spring, an', d'ye b'lieve it, I landed right squar' on the lettle eend uv one uv the horns. The snakes they run out thar tongues, an' spit fire a lettle, but seein' it warn't no use, they turned squar' round, piked back ter the deadnin, and left the cart right whar they found it."

"But I thought you said the snakes had a use for the light-wood?" I remarked, with decent gravity.

"Wall, they hed; they kalkerlated on it fur cookin' my carcass; but bein' I'd skedaddled, they toted it back, like honest snakes, as they was."

"And then you saw that uncommon presurpiss?" said the Parson.

"Yas," answered Tom. As the moon sailed 'way from the yerth, I lucked down; an' Parson, ye'd better b'leive it, I seed a more abysfuller place than ye uver told on in all yer sarmunts. 'Twar so deep it 'peared ter stretch ter the very eend uv creation, an' so dark, ye moight hev read fine prent in it by the light o' sech a black thing as Jule's face."

"And how long did you sit there on the horn of the moon?"

"Why, bless ye, stranger, it warn't no horn at all. It war on'y the small eend uv a church steeple, thet ris up nineteen mile from the ground, an' stuck eout jest fur nuff fur me to kotch a hold on it as I was a gwine by."

"Then, there are people living in the moon?"

"I reckon thar is, an' the tallest people ye uver heered on. I doan't mean tall in statur—fur they haint much ter brag on thet way, an' I war a sort o' curiosity 'mong 'em, on 'count uv my hite—but tall every other how. They showed me more hosspitality then I uver 'spect ter see agin; toted me round in a rantankerous big kerridge shaped jest loike a coffin; an' treated me ter mint-juleps 'nuff ter flood all creation in the driest spell ye uver know'd on."

"An', Mister Tom," said the old black, who had listened to the "native's" yarn without moving a muscle of his broad face, which seemed made for grinning. "Bein' you's bin dar, will you hab de goodness ter say whot dem ar dark places am dat we sees in de moon?"

"Nigger kentries, Mr. Midnight," replied Tom, promptly. "They doan't let darkies 'sociate with white folks up thar. They hard (herd) 'em all tergether, an' thar's so many on 'em they make the air black as a thunder-cloud, which is the reason why we sees 'um from yere. An' we'll do the same with ye nigs in this wurle when the war ar over. We'll turn yer hull race inter South Car'lina, an' I reckon ye'll blacken the air down thar so loike darnation thet they'll obsarve it 'way off ter the furdest eend uv the univarse, an' see thar's been a rev'lution down yere thet's altered the very face o' the planet."

The black shrugged his shoulders contemptuously as he replied: "Whot fools ye poo' white folk kin make o' yerselves. Loike as ef Tennessee nigs 'ud 'sociate wid dem white trash an' mean chivalry down dar in South Car'lina. You knows better'n dat—we hain't got so low as dat yit."

"And, Tom," I asked, "how long were you on the moon, and how did you get off?"

"I karn't zactly say how long I war thar, case ye see thar hain't no clocks in thet planet, nur no Yankees ter make um:" and he looked slyly at me, while the Parson broke into a broad laugh, saying,

"You owe him one, Mr. ——."

"I acknowledge the debt," I replied; "but, Tom, can no one but a Yankee make a clock?"

"No 'uns but them kin make 'ooden nutmegs, bass-'ood hams, an' clocks thet woant gwo. They makes nuthin' else."

"That may be true; my good fellow, but they make them expressly for the Southern market. No other people are green enough to buy them."

"Wall, stranger, I reckon I owes ye one now. I nuver know'd nary uther Yankee but onst, an' he war 'bout so smart as ye is, for he sold dad a clock. Shill I tell ye 'bout it?"

"Yes, but finish the moon story first."

"It haint a minnet long, an' I kin eend the moon in a jiffen. Ye see, dad hed nary clock, an' couldn't tell when the sun riz—he hed a great respect fur the sun, nuver got up afore it in all his life—so, when a peddler come 'long with a whole waginload uv clocks, he war dreffal put ter't ter hev one. They was the eight-day kine, all painted up slick, an' worronted ter gwo till the eend uv time. The peddler axed ten dollar fur 'um, an' dad hedn't but three. I hed two thet I'd bin a savin' up, an' dad wanted ter borro 'rum, but I would n't a lent 'um ter him ter save his very soul, fur I know'd he nuver pay in nuthin' but promises, an' fur his age, dad war the most promisin' man ye uver know'd on. Wall, I buttoned up my pocket, and dad eyed the clock; an' ses he ter the peddler: 'Stranger, I'd loike 'un uv them mightily, but rocks is sca'ce, jest now; I haint got on'y three dollars in the wurlo.'

"'Hain't ye!' said the peddler; 'wall thets a all-fired pity; but bein' ye's a monstrus nice sort o' man, an' bein' I allers kind o' took ter sech folk as ye is, ye kin hev a clock fur yer three dollars. But I wouldn't sell 'un ter nary uther man for that money, no how.'

"Wall, dad tuck the clock, and the peddler tuck the money and mosey'd off.

"Dad sot dreffal high on thet clock. He took on over it, fur all the wurlo, jest like a chile over a new playthin', He got up airlier, an' sot up later then I uver know'd him afore, jest ter yere it strike, but arter a few days it stopped strikin', an' nuver struck agin! Dad was sold—an' sold, too, by a rantankerous Yankee; an' dad allers 'counted, (but mind, stranger, I doant guv this as my 'pinion) thet a Yankee ar a leetle the measliest critter in all creation. Wall, not more'n a month arter thet, as dad an' I was a wuckin' in the corn patch 'un day, who shud come 'long the road but the Yankee peddler. As soon as dad seed him he ses ter me, ses he: 'Bullets an' blisters, Tom! but thar's thet outdacious Yankee! Now, ef I don't strike better time on his noggin then his dingnation clocks uver struck in all thar lives, I'll pike stret fur kingdom-come, ef I hes ter gwo afoot.' Bilin' with wrath, dad moseyed fur the peddler; but he hed n't more'n got inside 'o hearin', 'fore the Yankee bawled out, 'I say, Mister, ye's got a clock as b'longs ter me. It woant gwo, 'an I wan's ter get it, an' guv ye un' as wull gwo. I hed jest 'un left in the lot, an' I'se bin a sarchin' fur it 'mong nigh onter a hun'red folks I's cold clocks ter, an' haint found it yit, so ye mus' hev tucken it by mistake; I knows ye did, case I sees it in yer eye.'

"Thet mellered dad ter onst, an' ter own the truth, it guv me a sort o' good 'pinion uv the Yankee. Wall, dad an' he swopped clocks, an' the peddler stayed ter dinner—an' the old man 'udnt take a red fur't, he war so taken with him. As he was a gwine ter leave, the peddler ope'd the hind eend uv his wagin, an' takin' out a peck measure, heapin' full uv whot 'peared the tallest oats thet uver grow'd, he sez to me, ses he: 'Tom, ye an' yer farder hes bin 'mazin clever ter me, an' I nuver loikes fer be obligated ter no body, so yere's some o' the finest plantin' oats ye uver know'd on; take 'um; they'll grow ye a monstrous tall crop, as big as oak trees.'

"Now ye see, I hed a four year old mar I'd a raised up with my own han's. I sot dreffal high on har an' she sot dreffal high on oats, an' I'd bin a savin' up them two dollars s'pressly ter buy seed ter make a crop fur har private eatin'. So, when I seed them oats o' the peddler's they filled my eye, loike the camel filled the eye of the needle in Scriptur. He hed n't guv'n me 'nuff ter gwo no distance in plantin', but bein he war so gen'rous loike, I could n't ax him ter guv more, so I ses ter him: 'Stranger, would n't ye sell a bushel o' them oats?'

"'Wall, Tom,' he ses: 'Bein's it's ye, an' ye an' yer farder is sech monstrus clever folk, I doan't know but I'd sell ye the *whole* on 'um, fur the fact ar they's too hearty loike fur my boss; ye see the feller's got a sort o' weak stomach, an' can't 'gest 'um. I guess thar's nigh on ter five bushel, an' bein's they haint uv no use ter me, ye shall hev the whole on 'um fur them ar two dollars o' yourn.' Now, I figger'd on my fingers, an' found thet warn't more'n forty cents a bushel; an' oats, sech as war raised in our diggins, an' they warn't no way nigh so nice as them—went fur sixty, so ye kin reckon I tuck 'um, an' ye mought b'lieve it rained big blessin's on thet peddler 'bout the time he druv off. He'd altered my 'pinion o' the Yanks 'pletely, an' I tole him he orter make hisself inter a wild menag'ree, an' travil the whole Suthin kentry, jest ter show folk what the Yankees raaly is; fur I know'd ef he done it they'd swap thar 'pinions jest as I hed, an' thet ye know would do a mighty heap to'rds perpetratin' the Union. Wall, arter he war gone, I tuck the five bushel inter the house an' kivered 'um up keerful in the cockloft; but, feelin' mighty generous loike, on account uv my big bargin, I thort I'd guv the mar a sort o' Christmas dinner o' the peck measure full. I put it afore her, an' she smelled on 'um ravernous mad fur a minnet, but then she turned up har nose, an' wouldn't look at 'um agin."

"She found them too hearty like. I suppose," I said, restraining a strong inclination to laugh.

"I 'spose she did, an' I reckon they *would* hev bin raether hard o' gestion, fur they was SHOE PEGS!"

"Shoe pegs!"

"Yas, shoe-pegs! The durnation Yankee hed scowrn the hull deestrict, an' found no 'un green 'nuff ter buy 'um, but me."

Amid the general laugh which ensued, I asked: "And how about the clock? how did that turn out?"

"Twus wuss nur 'tother—it nuver struck onst."

"Well that Yankee was smart," said the Captain.

"It takes a smart one to get a head of you, Tom,"

"He didn't git ahead uv me," replied Tom with comic indignation. "I w[illegible] three dollers inter him when I got shut o' them [illegible]. Ye sees, I toted 'um ter Pikeville, an' sold 'um fur whot they raaly was—shoe pegs—an' got five dollars fur the lot. The peddler mought hev done it, ef he could onyhow hev brought his mind to act honest, but he'd rather cheat fur half price, nur trade fa'r fur full pay. An' thet's the sort o' Yankee ye've sent 'mong us, stranger. They's done a heap toards guvin us a bad 'pinion on ye, an' bringin' on this war."

"I know they have. I blush to think I was born on the same planet with some of them. But, Tom, about getting down from the moon. How did you do that?"

"Why," replied Tom, with a *sang froid* that was perfectly inimitable, "I jest waited till the moon come round to the yerth agin, an' when it got 'bout over dad's dead'nin', I let myself drap, an' landed squar in the yam-patch, sound as ye sees me. I moseyed fur home, an' told dad whar I'd bin; an' dad ses ter me, ses he: 'Bully fur ye, Tom; yer a reel chip o' the old block; ye kin travil or spin a yarn nigh up ter yer fader, an' thet 's sayin' a heap.' An' it war sayin' a heap, for dad could lie loike a parson."

After the merriment which followed Tom's stories had subsided, I said to him:

"Speaking of riding round the moon in that kerrige so like a coffin, reminds me of once traveling in a coffin myself."

"An' how wus it, stranger," asked Tom; "D'ye b'lieve ye kin tell a bigger story than thet about the moon?"

"Not a bigger one, but one a little—*truer*."

"Ef ye kin come ony nigher the truth then thet an' not hit it, I'd loike ter hev ye."

"Well, I'll try, but I shall hit it—a thing I reckon you seldom do. It was late in November, twelve years ago, I was coming from Florida with Edward C. Cabell, the Confederate General who is now giving us so much trouble in Arkansas. It had rained very hard all day, and when, at dark, we reached Albany—a little town in South-Western Georgia—we found the Flint River risen twenty-five feet. It poured down all that night, and in the morning we learned that the stage, which was to have taken us to Oglethorpe—the terminus of the Savannah Railroad—had not arrived, and that the bridges over all the streams for miles around had been swept away by the freshet. This was unpleasant news to both of us, for Cabell was anxious to be in Washington at the opening of Congress (of which he was a member), and important business demanded my immediate attention in Savannah. Crossing the streams we supposed to be impossible; so we determined to take a horse, buggy, and negro driver, and attempt to head them in the up-country. We would have to ride nearly two hundred miles over rough roads, when it was only fifty to the railroad by the direct route; but then we thought better than waiting a fortnight in so desolate a place as Albany. It would be all of that time before the bridges were repaired, for people in that region are not over 'fast'—in such respects. We started, and riding about six miles, came to a place called Boxankle—one house, and a cross-road doggery—and the planter there told us the Kicafoonee, a creek about a mile distant, could be safely swum on the back of a mule, and he would ferry us over, in that manner, for a 'fa'r consideration.' The temptation of swapping 200 miles for 50 was very great, and we rode down to the stream to reconnoiter. It was fully 300 yards wide, and the current was running 'like time.' Cabell thought 'the longest way round the shortest way, to Congress,' but I decided to take the direct route and risk the creek. Agreeing to take charge of my trunk, and to meet me in Savannah, Cabell turned about for the up-country, while I, stripping off my under garments and tying them to my shoulder, mounted the mule, and breasted the 'swift-flowing waters' of the Kicafoonee. I got safely over, and, walking on about a mile, came upon a planter, who kindly gave me 'a lift' to the Relay Station of the Stage Company. Of them I secured a conveyance to the Muckaloe, another creek about three miles beyond Starksville. Arriving there, I found it as swollen and furious as the Kicafoonee, and none of the planters in the vicinity willing to risk a mule in an attempt to cross it. I was pondering the adage, 'Make haste slowly,' when the thought of a boat occurred to me.

"'No one yere 'bouts hes one or knows how ter build one,' said the planter to whom I made application.

"'But, your negro boy here can build a coffin;' (he was just driving the last nail into a monstrous large one.) 'If he can do that, he can build a boat; I'll show him how.'

"'I doan't b'lieve he kin, stranger; however went more'n a coffin.'

"'Well, this is mightily like a boat; what will you take for it?'

"'The old 'ooman orter to be [illegible] day—the fact ar she's bin 'bove ground [illegible]—but ef ye want it right bad, I reckon ye kin have it fur two dollars.' (It was worth about fifty cents.)

"'How deep is the stream?'

"'Bout ten foot at the deepest.'

"'Well give me some tar, and a long pole, and the money is yours.'

"Caulking the coffin with tar and some strips of old bagging, and nailing a cleat across its middle for a seat, I divested myself of my clothing, to be able to swim more freely in case of 'shipwreck,' and 'launched my bark' on the Muckaloe. I 'got' on 'swimmingly' till I reached the middle of the creek; then, the current caught the coffin, and carried me at least two miles down the run to where a jutting bank had made a strong eddy in the stream. Floating into this whirlpool, the coffin began sailing round and round, and kept on sailing round and round for a full hour despite the united efforts of the pole and myself to extricate it. Night was coming on, and staying there after dark was a thing not to be thought of. I was not more than a hundred feet from shore, so I resolved to attempt swimming to it. Strapping my clothes to my shoulder with my suspenders as I had done when I swam the mule, I lowered myself into the stream, and at the end of half-an-hour, after desperate effort, and once or twice giving myself up for lost, reached the land."

"An' whot 'come on the coffin?" asked Tom.

"I dont know. It may be there yet."

"I reckon it ar," he replied, dryly.

"Then you don't believe the story?"

"Wall, stranger, I kin gwo it all 'cept the swimmin. The man as 'tempts ter swim one o' them runs when they's up, ar [illegible] rantankerous fool or a—Yankee, an' some reckon on 'bout the same as tother."

"Well, Tom, I know when I was whirling about in that coffin that I was a rantankerous fool, and a Yankee to boot. However, the story is true."

"And how did Cabell get through?" inquired the parson.

"After various other mishaps, I reached Oglethorpe at the end of seven days from setting out, and found Cabell quietly picking his teeth on the porch of the hotel. He had been there just long enough to eat his dinner; so, you see, 'the longest way round *is* the shortest way to Congress,' after all."

"'Ludin' ter freshets, stranger," said Tom, "'minds me uv 'un we had onst in Bladsoe, whar"——

But the other stories that Tom told, while they might further illustrate the broad, native humor of the South, and that spirit of exaggeration which is so important in it, and in the Southern character, will they not keep till the war is over, when you and I, reader, may not feel that we are wasting on idle tales time and thought that should be given to our country.

*Entered according to act of Congress by Samuel Sinclair, in the office of the District Court of the Southern District of New-York, 1863.

Familiar Letters from Camp—No. I.

From Our Special Correspondent.

ISLAND FORD, near CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., October 5, 1863.

When I wrote to you last I was in a crowded hotel, but now I am sitting, pen in hand, in a little tent, with one of the sides thrown up to let the warm sunshine in. I hear an entertaining variety of sounds. Forage wagons are rumbling along; a musical negro, blessed with capacious lungs, is singing an undulating melody; dusky children are laughing in their play; hammers are clicking; a pet turkey is talking contentedly to itself a yard or two from my feet; and I know, by an occasional booming on the air, that the Rebel General is beginning to fulfill the threat which he sent last night to our commanders.

After waiting in a dilapidated omnibus on the steep banks of the Ohio until some troops from the Potomac were carried to Louisville, we finally got on board of the ferry-boat. As we moved off in the darkness, a soldier from New-York fell into the water, and, for aught I know, into the other world. He was in heavy marching order, and it was whispered that he was drunk. Nobody seemed to care for his fate. The bloodier a war the more appalling the disregard of human life which is engendered.

Louisville is swarming with troops. Privates, and officers of every rank, mingle on the streets and in the hotels in democratic confusion. I felt rather strangely at the sight of two women between a guard with fixed bayonets. But, doubtless, it was a military necessity. The fair seceders are said to be the craftiest and most successful spies. They plot against us all the more boldly because they trust in Northern gallantry for exemption from hanging. Business is almost suspended, and from the opposition of sentiment among the people, and the presence of the military, there is a dare-devil look about the city.

About dusk, in company with two Christian gentlemen who were on their way to Chattanooga to minister to the wounded, I left in an army train for Nashville. The soldiers were crowded into freight-cars roughly fitted up with board seats, and an old passenger-car was furnished for the officers. Here our trials began. Room was scarce, and so we three, with all our baggage, were allowed but two seats. Turning the back of one, we lifted both, and placed them across the frame-work. On this extempore bed, after much calculation and squeezing, we were dovetailed. Of course we took off our boots, so that we might not hurt each others' heads. As night deepened, it began to rain, and toward midnight rained in torrents. The roof leaked, and although we did not believe in sprinkling, yet we were sprinkled. Early next morning in a drenching storm we were landed at Nashville. This is an insignificant place, with hilly streets and broken sidewalks. It looked dreary enough to us wet travelers, to whom our discomfort had recalled our homes. At headquarters I had a glimpse of General Granger. He is tall and stiff, straight and stern. In hot haste we swallowed a miserable dinner before noon, to catch the train, for which we waited in the depot till midnight. After twelve hours for reflection, how ridiculous we seemed to ourselves dashing down in a carriage into which we had jumped when but three blocks from the station! But the tediousness of our delay was broken by several incidents. While attempting to show the more corpulent of my companions how to walk I tumbled into the mud, and my nice new cap into a sewer. (The firing from the Rebel batteries is rapidly increasing, but do n't be alarmed, for this camp is beyond their reach.) I have often remarked in my own experience that a tumble follows a boast. I remember how, after bragging of my equestrian skill, I was caught unawares, and thrown heels over head into a puddle. But to return to the depot. While pacing to and fro I heard a soldier talking French to a citizen. Mistaking the learned son of Mars for a Frenchman, I asked him how long he had been in this country. He answered, and inquired if I were from France. When I told him from Scotland he threw himself into the attitude of one entranced with a vision, and, dropping his French, he cried, while his eye was flashing with true Highland fire:

"Lochiel! Lochiel! beware of the day
When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array,
For a field of the dead rushes red in my sight,
And the clans of Culloden are scattered in flight."

I had met a soldier versed in six languages, a descendant of one of the noblest Scottish families, and a cousin of a living Lord. Banished to Van Diemen's land for complicity in the Irish Rebellion, a soldier in Mexico with Scott, in Utah with Johnson, and in the armies of the Union since its life was assailed, he has seen much of the world and of men. Of a noble mien, a fine address, and a wealth of enthusiasm, he might have been an orator or an actor. Thoroughly drilled in the British service, an adept in long, short, and broad-sword exercise, and a gentleman by nature and education, he might have been an officer high in command. But what makes him what he is—the half-drunk, poorly-clad, but entertaining genius that I found him? The "*wee droppie*." He begs for a dime to get a drink, when he might have commanded a brigade. He is a drunkard, when he might have been a man. As I looked at his splendid head, I thought of a half-clad wife with a broken heart and a family of children precocious in vice and growing up into accomplished scoundrels. Ah, curse of Scotland and the world! Consumer of Genius and Love! Fountain of error and shame, of death and of hell!

At midnight the train was ready. But what accommodations! Our clothes were damp, the night was cold and raw, our bedroom a freight-car, stamped U. S., and our only couches wet corn-sacks. Gleaming through the mist as we rattled along frequent watch-fires showed the dark edges of the woods. When I slept, which was but for an hour or two, a [illegible] in white was [illegible] low, while at my feet, in shapes grotesque, reclined some brethren in black. The representatives of different nations met in that large wooden box, and the same God was the Maker and Father of them all. As morning dawned we began to notice stockades, square inclosures of unhewn logs, erected along the railroad for its defense. Every bridge, however small, is guarded. There are so many avenues of descent from the mountains on the whole line between Louisville, Ky., and Bridgeport, Ala., that the utmost carefulness is required. At Elk Creek we saw a colored regiment. An intelligent officer beside me spoke in the highest terms of their readiness and precision, their obedience and enthusiasm. Their camp was as spruce as a Scotch kitchen of the anti-McCarty school. Drilling as we passed, how proudly they marched beneath the flag which now to them means Freedom! I am just reminded of one of the sublimest replies that it was ever my fortune to hear. Meeting a noble-looking African in the depot, I asked him if he were free. His face saddened as he said: "No, sah; when de Yankees come, Massa turn a mighty strong Union man, hire me out to do railroad, and move to Louisville." "But you don't want to be free; you could n't take care of yourself; you would far rather be as you are." He understood the irony; his eyes snapped, and he answered: "*When I draw de first breff of Freedom, dis niggah am ready to die!*"

The morning broke bright and warm, and we were beginning to enter the mountains. Sunshine, glorifying the floor, drying the wet corn sacks, and warming us all; sunshine descending on hillside and valley, and glistening on the Autumn foliage of the forests, seemed like a benediction from heaven. And it was, and is always. Three engines could scarcely draw the heavy trains up the steep grade, which led us through mountains of rock rent by human skill. Here art doth triumph over nature, and man over matter. Rugged and high, with great boulders looking fearfully loose, were the adamantine walls of the narrow defile through which we slowly were passing. And when we had reached the table-land above, what a sight had we who sat on the top of the cars! The mountains were at our feet, and far below the winding valleys, in whose depths profound we could faintly hear the rivulets rippling under the trees. Soon we reached Stevenson, a muddy hole full of soldiers, commissary stores, clumsy wagons and mules. Here I said good-by, and regretfully enough, to my pleasant companions. Arriving at nightfall in Bridgeport, the terminus of the road, I set out, laden with my earthly all, in search of a house. But not a shanty could I find. Where could I sleep? Hailing an officer, I inquired if he could put me in the way of securing some more comfortable covering than the skies.

He courteously replied that the apartment which Gen. Schurz had occupied the night previous was at my service. I thought myself in luck, and proceeded to my quarters. The room was ample, but its sides were all doors, and its floor adapted especially, I might say solely, for ventilation from below. The building was an old saw-mill, overlooking the Tennessee—a rare picture, but a poor bedroom. Solitary, and thinking, in spite of myself, of loved ones far away, I was the more deeply impressed with the romance of my surroundings. In front was the "fast-flowing river," silvered with moonlight, and turning abruptly under the shadow of dark mountains. On my left, in a level hollow, a thousand lights were gleaming from a camp of cavalry, and the bugle sounding the retreat was starting silence into many an echo. Behind, and on the right as far as the eye could reach, were tents, indistinct in the smoke of the camp-fires. Borrowing some old canvas, I laid it on the planks, and wrapping my shawl around me, and adding my overcoat, passed into dreamland. I awoke, saturated with a fog that had arisen from the water, and found myself, although for a moment or two my identity was a question, but where was my note-book? And where the greenbacks, the letters, the papers, and above all, the likeness of a dear, sweet face? Gone. But how? Stolen. Who could have robbed me? Nobody knew. How could I discover? The listeners were thoughtful but silent. Being somewhat desperate, and assuming the rogue to be within hearing, I uttered some decided threats, and turned away to a fire to await the morning. Fearing the consequences, or perhaps ashamed of such a dastardly act as I had shown it to be, the thief slipped my treasures under a blanket adjacent to my resting place. The owner awaking, and shaking his bed in my presence, threw the book, with its contents intact, at my feet. He would take no money, but he had gingerbread for breakfast.

Between me and my destination more than forty miles still intervened, and shank's mare was the only means of conveyance. What befell me on the route to Chattanooga, and what will happen in a yet more adventurous trip which I expect to begin to-morrow, I will tell you in my next.

All yesterday, and last night, at various intervals, an artillery duel was progressing. Bragg, bragging much, did little. Let him blaze away. He is fighting something stronger than earthworks and bayonets. Civilization and Law, Principle and God, are against him.

Yours, therefore, in the hope of a vindicated Union, and a purer Nationality.

RIVERDALE.

FROM THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC

The Retrograde Movement—Skirmishing—The Position—The Loss of the Ohio Soldiers' Vote—The Purposes of the Rebels—What Next?

From Our Special Correspondent.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, Oct. 18, 1863.

The military movements of the past week and the present "situation" are enveloped in mystery. You have already published most of the facts of the retrograde movement.

How we left Culpepper a week ago to-day, and marched Potomac-ward; how the enemy followed, and kept up a running fight with our rear-guard all the way—Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday—at Brandy Station, Bealeton, Rappahannock, Cedar Run, and finally at Bristoe, two divisions of Hill's corps coming down the Haymarket road from Thoroughfare Gap; how we frequently turned back and put them to flight; and how we are here at last, along the old line of Bull Run—all this you have heard and published from your other correspondents.

The 2d Corps, Gen. Warren, did most of the infantry fighting, and by an adroit manoeuver bagged about 650 prisoners and captured seven guns—two of which, however, they failed to bring off. The prisoners were made to drag off the guns which fell into our hands. The plucky little 1st Minnesota, weakened by participation in every battle of Eastern Virginia, struck another good blow here.

Our present position is not greatly different from that which we assumed on Wednesday. There has been, however, a mutual exchange of compliments every day. On Thursday there was a strong cavalry pressure against our then right wing, which had not then settled itself, with the evident purpose of cutting off trains in that quarter. Only trifling damage was done, however, our line being found nowhere weak, and our cavalry everywhere alert.

Col. Batchelder, Chief Quartermaster of 2d Corps, discovered some ten or twelve guerrillas in a cabin near Wolf Run Shoals dividing their plunder—the contents of some sutler's wagons; but they fled incontinently on the approach of our guard.

Most of our army re-crossed Bull Run at Blackburn's Ford, and is now in excellent condition and position, our line of battle describing an almost impenetrable arc, with short radii to the supporting reserve.

The terrible storm of Saturday came just one day too late to damage or delay us, but must have fallen like a judgment on the exposed camps of the enemy. The streams were very high yesterday—Bull Run not being fordable.

The loyal readers of THE TRIBUNE will be pained to learn that the Ohio soldiers in the Army of the Potomac generally lost the privilege of voting, so generously extended by the State, on account of the confusion of falling back, which continued throughout Tuesday. All of them were on the march, and many of them were in battle. The soldiers here lament the loss of the opportunity as keenly as any out of the army can. An indignant Captain declared to me yesterday that he believed Lee and Vallandigham to be in not merely moral [illegible] practical collusion; and that the assaults of Tuesday were made at the suggestion of the banished traitor, for the purpose of defeating the loyal vote. One grand regiment of Ohio Cavalry, however, the 6th, I think, not to be baulked by any conspiracy of treason or fate, fought the foe in front and rear at once, taking the vote for Governor of Ohio while drawn up in line of battle at Catlett's Station. Do you think, TRIBUNE, that these armed electors, facing and holding at bay Stuart's forces in sight on an adjacent hill-top, voted for Stuart's fellow-conspirator at Niagara? Two votes only for Vallandigham in that sturdy battalion! Be assured, the vote from the Ohio soldiers in the Army of the Potomac, though small, will be true—all the truer because of the Rebel presence, perpetually reminding them of the meaning of the war.

Col. Grimshaw of the 4th Delaware, has taken two Rebel citizens of Fairfax County, whom he holds in durance vile as hostages for two cavalrymen recently spirited away by guerrillas. Col. G. knows what is the cause of the war, and is full of the spirit of the free North. I know little of his military ability, but his considerate treatment of his men is such as one might ride a day without seeing imitated.

Speculations as to the past purposes and present position and intention of the Rebels, are various. It is certainly the prevailing opinion that Lee tried to get between this army and Washington, as when Pope commanded a fragment of it. And this is probable, for a General like him—a cross between a genius and a coxcomb—always repeats the strategy of his successes. Another theory is an invasion of Maryland, and many shrewd observers believe Hill's Corps to be now well on its way to the North Potomac. This finds limited credence—at least with your correspondent. Lee is not strong enough for this, apparently. He may have been reënforced from Longstreet and Beauregard, but there are no signs indicating any but Hill's and Ewell's Corps in front—unless it be those occult signs, visible only to Major-Generals. Another speculation is that it is a feint to cover a *larger* reënforcement of Bragg. Hardly, I think. Armies do not make feints of 50 miles. Lee evidently thought this army much smaller than it is; therefore intended to be ahead in this race, and play the Pope game over again. He made a sharp run, and tried to head us; failing here, he barked spitefully at us, and hoped to confuse us and break our lines; failing here also, he shows his rage and disappointment, by battering away noisily at both our flanks.

What next? Will he not go straightway back to Culpeper? And we after him? He may go to Pennsylvania again, as is now reported and largely believed, but is he likely to go thither again in hope to catch Meade at fault, with the smart and sting of Gettysburg in the minds of his soldiers? He dares not attack us here. He will hardly keep an army at Manassas, for that name without a place and town without a house, that horrible *lucus a non*, has been to both sides the most expensive and troublesome elephant ever drawn in the lottery of war.

To-morrow all present signs may have vanished, but to-day, without *knowing* what will be, I take the liberty of *guessing* that Lee, outwitted and cheated of his game, will fall back to some base nearer Richmond, and that this Army of the Potomac, always unfortunate and always patient, will advance again to the interior.

W. A. C.

CHALLENGED HIS VOTE.—Judge Woodward stepped up to the polls in Philadelphia on Tuesday, to exercise his right of franchise. He walked up to the window and handed in his own ticket.

"What name, Sir," asked the inspector.

"George W. Woodward," was the response.

"Your name is not here, Sir, on the assessor's list."

"Very likely, and yet I've paid more taxes this year than I ever paid before (with a sneer), and on less property, too."

The men outside the window said, "Qualify him, qualify him." The inspector took a look at the tall man holding the tickets, and now saw who he was.

"Oh, you're Judge Woodward. I did n't at first know who you were. Your name is certainly not here, but it ought to be. All right, Sir, vote away."

The Judge voted for himself, and then left, looking slightly pompous.

MORGAN, [illegible]

MORGAN, THE REBEL RAIDER.

In Three Numbers.

No. III.

The demonstration against Berlin proved a fatal move to Morgan. Whether he was tempted into it by the fact that there were 1,200 Government animals at the place, and expected to overcome the protecting force with ease, but was frightened off by the imposing display—covering great weakness—of strength by Col. Runkle, or intended it merely as a feint to create misimpressions as to the movements by which he hoped to extricate himself from his precarious situation, the waste of time incurred in this venture brought him into the net in which the greater portion of his command were caught. His only road to safety was across the Ohio, and for that he should have made without the least delay, instead of losing half a day in an opposite direction.

After destroying a bridge and culvert on the Scioto and Hocking Railroad, the Rebels first moved in a southerly direction, with a view to crossing between Portsmouth and Gallipolis; but receiving information of the advance of a large body of troops from the former place, and finding the roads barricaded, turned about to the north, and took the road for Pomeroy, on which they camped in the evening.

In the mean time, loyal forces were closing in upon them from all directions. From the north, Col. Runkle's militia were following him. To the west Gen. Hobson was, as previously stated, at Jackson, within a few hours' ride of them. To the east and south-east, one militia and two volunteer regiments, from Gen. Scammon's Kanawha Valley Division, came down the river from Parkersburg, were watching for them. All the fords between Portsmouth and Pomeroy were guarded by gunboats; and from the south-east Gen. Judah was moving up with his whole division.

One brigade of the latter, consisting of the 5th Indiana, 14th Illinois, and parts of the 11th Kentucky, and 8th and 9th Michigan cavalry and Henshaw's battery, with Gen. Judah himself, had landed at Portsmouth, upon information of Morgan's passage of Scioto on the evening of the 16th, and immediately landed inland toward Oakhill Station, on the Scioto and Hocking Railroad. The General's guide losing his way, and leading the troops several miles out of the way, they did not reach it until next morning. Learning there that Morgan was at Jackson, and about going eastward, Gen. Judah hurried forward to Centreville, after sending orders to Gen. Manson, who had that morning landed at Portsmouth to follow him with his brigade of infantry. Reaching Centreville late in the evening he bivouacked there for the night.

Early on the 18th, the Rebels marched toward Pomeroy, taking two roads—one column going via Wilkesville and the other through Vinton. After crossing Raccoon Creek, and burning all the bridges over it, they were detained two hours near the little town of Lincsville by barricades which the Home Guards had built on the road. They appeared before Pomeroy about noon, but finding the roads to the town all blocked up and defended by Home Guards, with whom they skirmished slightly, they made no attempt to force an entrance, but continued east to Chester, which point they reached in the evening, after constant detentions on the road by barricades. Stopping only long enough to burn a bridge over Shady Creek, and make some requisitions for food, they pushed on to the south for Buffington Ford, some eight miles above Pomeroy, and opposite a considerable island bearing the same name. Their advance arrived at the ford at 3 a. m., and immediately began preparations for crossing. The main body went into bivouack in some corn-fields in the river bottom, to the east of the road they had come and a short distance from the bank, expecting to cross at daybreak, and little dreaming what disasters the morning had in store for them.

Gen. Hobson had marched from Jackson at 3 a. m. of the preceding day, and bivouacked at night around Chester. Gen. Judah arrived at Pomeroy via Potter at 4 p. m., and, after giving his troops a few hours to enjoy the lavish hospitalities of the citizens, moved on by way of Racine toward Buffington. Gen. Manson's and Gen. Scammon's forces, and the gunboats, likewise proceeded up the river for the same point.

The Rebels planted their artillery at the ford, so as to command the passage. At 4 o'clock they commenced crossing, by means of a scow and swimming, and they managed to get about fifty over, although Home Guards on the Kentucky side fired upon them. The passage of the river, however, was soon cut short by events to the north and in their rear.

Gen. Judah, with his staff and escort, and the advance guard of his cavalry, descended the bluffs, skirting the bottom lands in which the Rebels were bivouacking, over the pike from Chester to Buffington, about 4 o'clock. He had been informed by several parties during the night that Morgan had succeeded in crossing, and hardly looked for the enemy. A dense fog had settled upon the bottom, and although day was breaking, sight for any distance was impossible. When within half a mile of the river, a volley from carbines, shot-guns, and pistols, and orders to halt, suddenly burst upon our advance, and gave unmistakable proof of the presence of the Rebels, who had discovered the approach of our troops and prepared for their reception. The road being narrow and fenced, the fog obscuring everything, and our officers being unacquainted with the locality, the advance was thrown into wild confusion, and officers and men made back in indiscriminate flight toward the bluffs. In their helter-skelter race, they stampeded the horses, pulling one of our pieces in their rear, and rode down Capt. Henshaw and his cannoneers, and captured the piece and artillerymen.

In this repulse, one of the saddest calamities of the war occurred. The venerable Daniel McCook, the head of the branch of the family that furnished no less than seven distinguished officers to the Union service, received a wound from which he died two days afterward. Hearing at Cincinnati that the assassin of his son, Gen. Robert L. McCook, was with Morgan, he gave way to the strong impulse for personal revenge he had felt ever since the former's death, and joined Gen. Judah with his trusty rifle that had served the loyal cause so well on many a field in the Eastern and South-Eastern campaigns. After being shot off his horse, he fell for a short time into the hands of some Rebel dastards, who robbed the bleeding old man of his watch and several hundred dollars in money. A braver and more ardent loyal heart has not ceased to beat. He was filled with the spirit of the devoted, self-sacrificing, lofty patriotism that illumines the annals of the War of Independence.

The check received by our troops was of short duration. The fog rising, two sections of our artillery were brought forward and opened upon the enemy, and under this fire the 5th Indiana and 14th Illinois cavalry formed and attacked the Rebels, driving them back and recapturing the lost piece and artillerists.

Judah's cavalry operated upon the Rebel flank. At the same time the 5th Indiana and 14th Illinois made at them the head of the column of Gen. Hobson, who had left Chester at 3 a. m., consisting of the 2d and 7th Ohio cavalry, came upon the rear of the Rebels and attacked them at once, vigorously supported by the fire of two howitzers. Simultaneously, a body of our infantry, that had been landed below, advanced up the bottom upon the enemy. The gunboat Moose and armed transport Allegheny had also reached the island and directed the fire of their guns upon the north bank. The Rebels being completely hemmed in on three sides, so scattered over the ground that they could not make a concerted defense, and demoralized by excessive fatigues, found themselves reduced to a choice between surrender and flight up the road along the river, the only one left open to them. Cols. Dick Morgan, Basil Duke, and Smith, with their respective commands, after vainly trying to obtain better terms, surrendered themselves successively without conditions to Gen. Shackleford.

The prisoners numbered about 800. Morgan, with the remainder, fled up the river, leaving behind all his artillery and the stolen vehicles laden with plunder. The point for which he made was a ford about fourteen miles above Buffington, opposite Belleville, on the Kentucky side. Having reached it about dark, he ordered Johnson's regiment to cross at once. The Rebel troopers, believing the river fordable, plunged in, but speedily found their horses swimming. Many of their tired horses were unequal to the task, and went down, with some fifty of their riders, including several officers. About 300 succeeded in crossing, with Col. Johnson himself, when the gunboats appeared once more, and by their fire drove those who endeavored to follow back to the north bank. Johnson and his men managed to work their way through Eastern Kentucky to South-Western Virginia.

As soon as the prisoners were properly disposed of our cavalry resumed the pursuit of Morgan, under the command of Gen. Shackleford. Receiving information on the way that Morgan was making from Belleville to Humphrey's Ford, further above, he took the shortest route for that point, but arrived near it only in time to see the Rebels move off at a gallop in a northern direction. His command being absolutely exhausted, and the sun having set, he reluctantly went into bivouac.

About one o'clock, scouts having reported to him that Morgan was moving northward in the direction of Athens, he immediately dispatched a column in pursuit. A few hours later, reports reached him that the Rebels were moving westward a few miles north of his bivouac, on roads leading to the river, when he started after them with the rest of his command.

This was on the morning of Monday, the 20th. The Rebels first went to Harrisonville, and thence southwardly toward the river. They approached Cheshire, some miles below Pomeroy, in the course of the afternoon; but Gen. Shackleford was close up with them, and forced them to a stand about 3 p. m. After a brief fight, in which the Rebels lost ten men, they sent a flag of truce with an offer of unconditional surrender. Gen. Shackleford supposed, when accepting it, that Morgan and all his men were about delivering themselves up; upon examination, he discovered to his sorry disappointment that only Col. Coleman and some 400 men were in his hands, while the Rebel chief had again slipped away north-westwardly, with some 600 men. Vexatious as was the discovery that another chase was unavoidable, in view of the wearied condition of his command, he set about with unflagging spirit selecting the freshest men and horses for another pursuit.

During the 20th many small squads of Morgan's men became, voluntarily and involuntarily, detached from the main column, and were picked up by the militia. Over two hundred were picked up in Meigs County alone.

The scene of the action at Buffington, and all the roads since traveled by them, were literally strewn with the fruits of their thieving operations, and their arms and equipments. There were buggies, rockaways, spring and lumber wagons, without number; rolls of silk, muslin, calico, and other dry goods; bags full of men's clothing, hats, boots and shoes, linen, laces, kid gloves, cutlery, men's and women's under-garments—even children's petticoats—lying about in every direction, mingled with carbines, shot-guns, rifles, sabers, pistols, and cartridge-boxes. Many of the latter were found to contain jewelry instead of ammunition. The woods were full of horses and mules. In places the ground was covered with pieces of greenbacks and other currency, stolen and torn by the Rebels upon surrendering.

At Buffington, [illegible] was the watchword of the Volunteers, [illegible] hundreds of country people attracted to the spot as to the spoils dropped by the Rebels. Of the mercantile wares scarcely anything is likely to find its way back to its owners, and even of the vehicles and horses, many were appropriated without just claim to them.

The scanty contents of the captured cartridge-boxes and caissons, demonstrated that the Rebels would not have been able to make a protracted fight. The former did not average three rounds and the latter not over twenty.

At daybreak on the 21st, Gen. Shackleford was again upon Morgan's track with 823 picked troopers, comprising detachments of all the mounted regiments engaged under Hobson and Judah in the pursuit. Among the field officers that accompanied him were Cols. Capron, Bufford, and Wolford. The last-mentioned had been on the chase longer than any of the others—fully eighteen days—but would not desist as long as his inveterate enemy, whom he had been hunting and fighting for nigh two years, was still at large. While Shackleford was renewing the chase to the north, a fleet of light-draught boats was sent up the river with volunteer militia, infantry and cavalry, to observe the fords between Pomeroy and Wheeling. Major-Gen. Brooks, commanding the Western District of Pennsylvania, provided means of preventing the enemy from crossing between Wheeling and Pittsburgh. To head them off from the north, Gen. Burnside ordered two battalions of cavalry under Majors Way and Rue to proceed by rail to Columbus, and thence wherever the movements of Morgan would render it most advisable. Gov. Tod likewise sent some troops from the State capital eastward and southward for the same purpose, and moved the militia of the south-eastern counties so as to cover the routes likely to be taken by the Rebels.

With Morgan the question was no longer to depredate and fight, when he could be sure of victory, but to avoid all collisions, hurry far away from our troops, and take out of the State and save what remained of his command. Pushing northward from the river with all speed, he reached the vicinity of Ewington, in Gallia County, some 20 miles west of Gallipolis, on the morning of the 21st, and halted to feed his horses in some grain-fields. On the morning previous, 250 militia, under Maj. Sonntag, had started out from Portsmouth to intercept Morgan. Leaving the Scioto and Hocking Railroad at Portland station, they marched overland for some cross-roads which they were to guard, near the farm on which the Rebel horses were being fed. Morgan, perceiving their approach, ordered five of his men to proceed toward them under a flag of truce to demand their surrender. The poltroon in command, upon being told that Morgan had surrounded him with several thousand men and that resistance was useless, forthwith complied with the Rebel request.

Had he shown but the slightest disposition to fight, the fact, of which he had good opportunity after his capture to satisfy himself, that the Rebels had but little ammunition, and half of their number had lost their guns, would have compelled them to avoid a rencounter. As it was, they not only obtained arms for all their captives, but also enough ammunition for several rounds. The disgrace of this affair was strikingly illustrated by the subsequent voluntary surrender to the disarmed and paroled militia of fifty-seven of the Rebels, who intentionally skulked to the rear after Morgan had moved away.

Continuing toward Berlin, Morgan came unawares upon another party of militia, some two miles from the town, about as strong as the Portsmouth braves and commanded by a Major Slain of Pike County, as miserable a knave as the leader of the former. He too surrendered upon demand. To the credit of his men, however, be it recorded, that many cried with indignation at the dishonor brought upon them by him. The Rebels paroled them and broke their guns.

Crossing the Marietta and Cincinnati Railroad at Vinton Station without doing any damage beyond cutting down a telegraph pole, and passing through Zaliska within a short mile north-east of the town of McArthur, he encamped in the evening four miles north of it on the Logan road. Starting at six o'clock the next morning, he kept on north a few miles further, then turned east, going within a mile of the town of New-Plymouth, and thence toward the Hocking River, which he crossed not far from Nelsonville.

From the left bank of the Hocking he rode through Perry into Muskingum County, capturing in the evening at Deaverstown a scouting party of 25 citizens of Zanesville. Keeping Zanesville some fifteen miles to his left, he crossed the Muskingum at Eaglesport at 10 a. m. on the 23d. Shortly after crossing, Col. Hill, commanding a militia regiment, came upon him. But Morgan had no stomach for a regular fight, and made off after a slight skirmish.

From Eaglesport he went to Cumberland, some 12 miles east of Zanesville. There he met another body of militia about dark; but, passing around them, he moved off to the north-east toward Senecaville. Near Cumberland about 60 of his men detached themselves and went back toward the Muskingum, depredating on their way. A mounted portion of the 86th Ohio Infantry made after and captured them the next day.

At 5 o'clock on the morning of the 24th he struck the Ohio Central Railroad at Campbell's Station, eight miles east of Cambridge. There he burned a railroad bridge, the station buildings, containing about $20,000 worth of produce, and several cars loaded with tobacco. Ten thousand dollars in currency were taken from the office safe.

Continuing on due north over the National road, burning all the bridges they passed, the Rebels appeared at Washington, an important county town, the people of which had been warned of this visit, and had removed their valuables and horses, at 7 a. m. Having procured food for man and beast, the band deliberately betook themselves to eating, resting, and sleeping for several hours in fancied security. At 10 o'clock, however, the reports of guns started them abruptly from their enjoyments. Soon their pickets dashed up the streets from the southern end of the town, shouting that the Unionists were coming. A general rush and scramble for horses ensued. Morgan jumped out of the bed he was occupying at the hotel, and was on his steed, and in a few minutes the whole gang were scooting out of the place upon the run. Shackleford's cavalry forces, joined by some mounted infantry under Col. Wallace, near Senecaville, was upon them. Until Morgan reached the National road he had shown anxiety, ever since leaving the Ohio, to follow less-frequented by-roads rather than well-traveled highways, flattering himself with the vain hope of deceiving thereby and eluding his pursuers. But the latter gained on him all the time by taking more direct and better roads, abounding with full stables and barns. Steadily they had reduced the separating miles, and at last overtaken their game.

As the Rebels hurried out of one end of the town, our cavalry galloped in by the other firing at the rear of the flying enemy. The former, upon reaching a hill just beyond the town on the Winchester road, halted, formed and seemed to be ready to fight. Gen. Shackleford at once dismounted his men for an attack; but as soon as they had got off their horses the Rebels fled in the direction of Winchester. Having comparatively fresh horses, while Shackleford's had that morning rode a long and rapid ride, they escaped with a loss of three wounded and four prisoners.

From Winchester they went over a circuitous route to Antrim in the north-east corner of Guernsey County; thence north-eastwardly to Londonderry, Smyrna and Moorefield. Between the last two places, by burning two bridges across the Stillwater, he gained two hours on his pursuers.

From Moorefield, he headed for New-Athens; but before reaching the place turned towards Cadiz, in Thompson County, where he arrived at 8 a. m., on the 25th. He aimed now at striking and crossing the Ohio River near Warrenton. Shackleford having taken a shorter road from New-Athens, came up with him again at the point it intersects that from Cadiz to the river. An opportunity was here lost to cut the Rebels in two by opening with artillery, instead of attacking them forthwith with cavalry. They succeeded in rushing once more out of sight, and pushed for the river as fast as their horses could carry them. Learning, however, on the way, that it had risen five feet the day before and was impassable, they changed their course, with a view to reaching the river higher above; went to Alexandria and thence across the Columbus and Pittsburg and Steubenville Railroad to Centreville, four miles west of Steubenville, where they appeared in the afternoon. The town being defended by a strong militia force, principally from Steubenville, they abstained from a visit to it, and went after exchanging a few shots, northwardly toward Richmond, twelve miles distant. Shackleford reached Wintersville about half an hour later.

The meshes in which they became, in the end, inextricably entangled, were now rapidly contracting around them. Not only Shackleford's, but two other columns of cavalry, composed of fresh men and horses, were on Saturday engaged in the chase, and were fast overtaking them. The latter were the battalions of Majors Way and Rue. Major Way's command came by rail from Columbus direct to the vicinity of Steubenville, disembarked, and immediately got on the track of the Rebels. Major Rue's went on the Ohio Central Railroad to Bellair, opposite Wheeling; thence north on the Steubenville and Pittsburg Railroad to Shanghai Station, when, hearing of Morgan's whereabouts in the vicinity of Richmond, he had his men and horses off the cars and on the way to Knoxville in less than an hour. The movements of those mounted bodies pressing after Morgan on Saturday afternoon were almost concentric, so that they neared each other by degrees. Shackleford's cavalry, having all but worn-out horses, could not move as expeditiously as the two others. It formed the reserve, as it were, to Way's and Rue's.

The Rebels from Richmond kept to the north on the New-Lisbon road, their chief's object being to turn to the east, after reaching a certain cross-roads, and make for Smith's Ford, not far from Wellsville. Major Way came up with their rear toward dark and pressed and skirmished with it nearly all night. At last, at 8 o'clock in the morning, (Sunday, the 26th), he succeeded in forcing the enemy into a fight between Mechanicsville and Salineville, and after a lively combat of an hour's duration routed them completely, with a loss of about 200 men killed, wounded, and prisoners, and an equal number of horses. After securing his captures, Major Way made after the rest of the Rebels, who taxed their animals to the utmost to reach Smith's Ferry. Morgan, who until then had made himself comfortable in a buggy, abandoned it in hot haste and fled with the crowd on horseback.

While the Rebels were keeping Major Way busy, Major Rue was speeding through Adamsville and other small towns in the southern part of Columbiana, toward the road to Smith's Ferry, which he expected the Rebels to take. He was describing one side of a triangle, two of which were being followed by the enemy, and hence had good ground to hope to head them off, although they had several hours' ride the start of him. As he neared the point of intersection, toward noon, clouds of dust revealed that the Rebels were before him. He started his men instantaneously upon a gallop; but the enemy, having likewise noticed his approach, raced with him successfully for the junction of the roads, and reached and passed it some ten minutes earlier.

Lucky Major Rue had provided himself with an excellent guide, who knew of a cut-off road, by which he will yet get between the Rebels and the rear. Taking it at once and measuring its length of two miles into a steeple-chase rate of speed, he found to his great delight upon reaching the second cross-roads, that he had this time the better of the Rebels, although they are already in sight. Disposing his command immediately for action, in and on the right and left of the road, he saw a flag of truce coming toward him, and proceeded to meet it. He was indignant and surprised upon being summoned to surrender!

His reply was, that he would charge the Rebels if they did not instantly throw down their arms and deliver themselves up as prisoners without conditions. Soon the flag returned, and endeavored to secure better terms, but upon being informed by the Major, that for such they would have to apply to his superiors, accepted the Major's. This finale was enacted about four miles south of Lisbon, between 1 and 2 o'clock.

Gen. Shackleford came up in the course of half an hour with the remainder of our cavalry, when a formal surrender was made to him by Morgan in the shade of an apple-tree belonging to a farm, on which—strange coincidence!—the most lamented victim of the raid, old McCook, formerly resided, and all his sons were born.

Morgan affected indifference to and talked lightly of his misfortune. His well-known blooded mare he made over to Major Rue, and his pair of silver-mounted, ivory-handled revolvers to Col. Wolford. An eye-witness describes his appearance as follows:

"His looks at least are not those of an ordinary man. He is fully six feet high, broad-shouldered and compactly built; has soft auburn hair, gray eyes, reddish whiskers, florid complexion; a pleasant smile, when talking; a musical voice, and shows to advantage a splendid set of teeth. He wore a gray roundabout and pantaloons, with a wide-brimmed black felt hat, and morocco boots with his pantaloons inside."

The only officer of prominence taken with him was Col. Cluke.

Shortly after the arrival of Gen. Shackleford, Morgan raised a claim to the privileges of parole for himself and men. Upon inquiry, it appeared that having captured early in the morning and brought along with him a militia captain and a dozen or so of citizens of New-Lisbon, he made an offer of surrender upon condition of being paroled to the former, when the barring of his way by Major Rue had cut off all chance of escape. The captain, unsuspicious of any trickery, too ignorant to perceive the absurdity of receiving a surrender of his captor while still in his hands as a prisoner, and to know the terms of the cartel with the Rebel authorities, and dazzled with the prospect of immortalizing himself as the captor of so notorious a character, readily accepted it. Gen. Shackleford at once pronounced the claim preposterous, but was willing to submit it to the consideration of Gen. Burnside, and in accordance with instructions from the latter, received during the evening, he started with the Rebel officers on the next morning by rail for Cincinnati, arriving there on Monday evening. His prisoners were provided with temporary and anything but agreeable quarters in the City Prison.

Gov. Tod, upon being advised of Morgan's pretensions to a parole, had telegraphed for the militia captain, and likewise started with him for Cincinnati. Gen. Burnside, after hearing the Captain's statements, sent for Morgan and informed him that his claim was no less ridiculous than arrogant, and that he would have to go to the Ohio Penitentiary, to be confined there until the Richmond authorities were brought to terms in regard to the exchange of officers. And to the Penitentiary the chief Rebel marauder went on Thursday, where the rigorous prison discipline has probably, ere this, induced him to reflect upon the mutability of human affairs in general, and the uncertainties of war in particular.

Thus ends, for the present at least, the career of one of the boldest, most active, and mischievous leaders in the worst of causes misled humanity ever espoused. Remembering that since the Fall of 1861 he has captured many thousands of Union troops and not a few pieces of artillery, plundered dozens of towns, robbed and destroyed millions of dollars worth of private property, the loyal public may well rejoice that he is rendered harmless.

As to his last and grandest of raids, it must be judged, from a military point of view, one of the greatest follies of this war. It was of vicious conception and execution, so reckless and ill-calculated as to make success impossible. It had no strategical object or effect. Instead of overwhelming the invaded States with the terrors of invasion, it only aroused their martial spirit, developed the unflinching loyalty of the mass of their inhabitants, and impressed them with the necessity of home organization. Hence, upon the whole, the lesson may well be said to be worth all it cost.

Miserable failure that the Rebel foray into Indiana has resulted in, it will nevertheless take its place in history as a most remarkable instance of the roving capacities of cavalry. Pursuers and pursued having averaged for more than three weeks a march exceeding 35 miles per day, it may be doubted whether a like demonstration of the powers of endurance of man and horse is on record.

Talk About Fruit.

The Fruit Growers' Club held a meeting Oct. 8, and we make a note of some of the talk as follows:

A sample of baked pears, from a nameless seedling, by Wm. Clark, Northampton, Mass., were pronounced first-rate, being fully sweet enough without sugar, and of a full medium size, the skin is thick, as it cooks tender, and the fruit is not easily cooked, though kept till April. Mr. Clark will furnish grafts to the Club at the proper time.

Newlin E. Smith of Pineville, Bucks County, Penn., sends samples of a handsome red streak apple, which proves of excellent quality, medium size, conic form, not recognized by any one so as to place it on the list. It is probably a local seedling, well worth extending.

Ambrose Baldwin, Girard, Branch County, Michigan, sent a box of five sorts of crab apples, which have been much admired, and the Club would be glad to learn about their growth, use and value, and how far they have been improved.

Grapes Spoiled by What they were Packed in.—Mr. Judd presented some Adirondac grapes, sent from W. Bailey, Plattsburgh, N. Y., packed in bran, which has an unpleasant odor, nearly as much so as though slightly wet with kerosene, and this odor has been communicated to the grapes so as to give a perfume which reminded one of the odor of the mouse. This suggested the importance of packing all fruit in such substances as will not leave any odor or taste, and this the question was discussed as to the best material for packing grapes.

Mr. Williams of New-Jersey, nurseryman and grape grower, thought soft white paper the best.

Mr. Tabor said that one person who had experimented upon the matter, ranked paper first, grape leaves second, and cotton last. The latter is objectionable because of fibers adhering to the fruit, and at present because of its cost.

Solon Robinson said that pears wrapped in paper and allowed to sweat and moisten the paper, and then to dry, would be found to possess a disagreeable taste, and he thought the same thing would occur with grapes. In his opinion the most natural substance would be leaves of the vine. It is important to learn what is the best substance to use in packing grapes for transportation, and as this experiment proves that they can be injured, perhaps some other will prove that they can be improved. While upon the subject of grapes, Mr. Robinson said he would call up the report of the committee of the late fruit exhibition for the purpose of entering his protest against an award to the Adirondac as the best in quality of any exhibited. He was willing to concede that it is a good table grape, with no decided foxiness, but destitute of all the characteristics that make a good wine grape, and one that has proved hardy in a high latitude, upon one locality, but as it has not been fruited in this vicinity, and as nine-tenths of all the growers believe the Delaware and several others of superior quality, they are naturally surprised to find it named as of the very best quality by a committee of which Charles Downing appears as Chairman.

Mr. Judd stated that he had a letter from Mr. Downing dissenting in most emphatic terms from the conclusion of a majority of the committee, for, although he considers the Adirondac a good grape, he would not give it the first place as to quality.

A. S. Fuller said no one had spoken more highly of the Adirondac than he, and he still considered it well worthy of cultivation as a pleasant sort of table grape, particularly as it can be grown far North; but to compare it with the Delaware, and indeed with several others of superior quality, was simply ridiculous. It is a good high-flavored grape; it is not first quality. The Delaware, Iona, Israella, and Catawba, if well ripened, are far superior in quality. Any grape, to be of first quality, must contain sugar and acid, and the so-called sour grapes actually possess more sugar than others that taste sweet when eaten out of hand. The Adirondac is void of real vinous flavor, and not a good wine. In that respect it is like the Concord, which is esteemed by many as a table grape, while the high flavor necessary to make good wine. On the other hand, the Anna is not fit for the table, on account of pulp; nor is the Catawba a good table grape unless well ripened, but both have the high flavor of good wine. The Diana, when well ripened, is of good quality, though offensive to some as a table grape, on account of its peculiar distinctive flavor, and in this case, to some degree, with the Concord, which is rather popular.

Mr. Lane thought the evidence of its popularity was in the fact that it sells in Broadway at 4 cents a pound rather faster than Delawares at the same price.

In connection with the grape question was presented a sample of seedling grapes sent from [illegible] by Jas. M. Hannah, which were pronounced good by [illegible] tasted them as really excellent.

Cultivated Cranberries.—J. E. Paine of this city furnished a beautiful sample of cranberries and the following memorandum, which he hopes may induce others to follow the example of this cultivator:

Solon Robinson—*Sir*: I hand you herewith a sample of cranberries gathered from a small field at Halifax, Plymouth Co., Mass., grown by Mr. Josiah Stetson of that place, under the following conditions:

Mr. Stetson is now over 70 years of age. Seven years ago he commenced on the edge of a piece of swamp land, full of old stumps and bushes, which was knee-deep a part of the season, ditching it, and doing a few square rods at a time, digging out the stumps and bushes, leveling with muck, and from a distance carrying on coarse sand or gravel with a wheelbarrow, until a coat of some four to six inches covered the ground thus laid out. The vines, gathered from the adjoining swamp lands were then set out in hills some 2½ feet apart each way, and include several varieties. Mr. Stetson concluded, some two weeks ago, one thousand days' labor on this plantation, and for the result has about two acres of vines, and apparently in the best condition. The berries I send you were gathered from some of the plantings, and I think have rarely if ever been surpassed in size, beauty of color, or quality. At the Cattle Show held at Bridgewater last week, of samples I thought his decidedly the best. I should add that *all* the work done on this patch—grubbing up stumps and bushes, ditching, banking, graveling, and setting vines, was done by Mr. S. alone, his only team himself and wheelbarrow.

The Ailanthus Silk Worm, introduced into France a few years ago, appears to flourish well, feeding upon the trees out of doors. The only trouble appears to be with the birds, to keep off which a net is spread over the trees.

Army Horses—How they are Bought—The Inspection.

A great many of the horses of the Eastern divisions of the army are purchased in New-York. Perhaps some of our readers would like to have a peep into the closed yard where the business is conducted, and learn how the thing is done. The location is in Twenty-eighth street, near Eighth avenue. The horses arrive in squads of three to six—as many as one boy can ride and lead—and enter by a gate, which is closed and locked as soon as the horses are through. The men, those only who have business, enter through an office. The yard has an area of about two city lots, clear of buildings, with a smooth earth floor, for exercise. The horses that enter at one time, say fifty in number, are tied to a rail upon one side, and brought forward, one at a time, to the inspector, under a small shed, where he examines the mouths, eyes, and legs minutely. If he finds no blemishes, he orders the horse bridled and a boy mounts and puts him through his paces, including leaping a bar as he goes down the yard at a gallop. Of course some of the horses are exceedingly awkward, and may be rejected for no other reason. Perhaps the poor brute would show well in a wagon; but never having been ridden, and never having been taught to leap a fence, he makes a poor show. Some horses are alarmed at the novel situation, and cannot well act their part before such an assembly. Upon one side is a long line of horses to be inspected; upon the other are a hundred or two which have already passed, been branded, and are now having the shoes taken off the hind feet, preparatory to going on ship board. Some horses are very much alarmed when the hot iron is applied to mark U. S. upon their flank. The owner of the horse is generally present, but there is no chaffering, as in ordinary horse trades. The animal is ordered up to the stand, and although the owner may know positively that he is the best horse in the lot, he bears the peremptory order, "Lead him off," without offering remonstrance. Perhaps after passing the first examination, he may shy, or stumble, or do something that he never did before, and perhaps never would again if received into the service of the country; but the inexorable "Don't want him" has closed the door against his vaulting ambition, and doomed him to the plow-field instead of the battle-field.

We have seen horses rejected for a wind-gall not bigger than a finger, or for a splint that never would be seen or felt again, or for refusing to leap the bar, or for some cause that we could not see. In one case a strong-winded horse, that has been repeatedly on the course as a racer, was offered and rejected because he is "a whistler." In several instances we thought the rejected list better than those accepted. For instance: "red tape" fixes the hight of a cavalry horse at 15 hands. We have seen a spindle-shanked animal that was up to standard accepted, and the next rejected because an inch or two too low, yet if tried on the scales the rejected one would make the other "kick the beam" by 200 pounds, and in service he would make him "kick the bucket."

The hardiest race of horses in this market are the "Canucks." These are rejected because too low. For all light work, with hard fare and exposure, a strong Canadian horse is worth more than many a one that would bring the price of half a dozen of the other sort.

THE CONTRACT SYSTEM—OBJECTIONS TO IT.

At first, all the horses were bought on contract, which specified what they were to be, and, when delivered, they were examined to see if all were "up to contract." If found to be so, the inspector certified the fact, and the Quartermaster paid, or gave a certificate for the amount. This system did not work well. Contractors were continually failing, and new ones advertised for, when bids were put in that were never intended to be fulfilled. They were to be sold out to some contractor, who after paying the black mail, found that he could not furnish the horses at the price bid, unless he could bribe the inspector, or in some way cheat the Government. Certainly, under the contract system, both for cattle and horses, if the contractor was honest, he was not likely to make a fortune, and if not, Government, in spite of red tape, was pretty likely to be cheated. We believe the whole system wrong, except so far as it exists now in regard to horses. That is, there has been a tacit agreement with some of the large horse-dealers in this market that Government would purchase of them all the horses that they could procure from the country, of certain descriptions, at a fixed price, which has ranged from $107, two years ago, to $138 now. All the large stable-keepers in Twenty-fourth street, and many dealers from the country, have participated in this trade. Probably Joel Holcomb has furnished more horses than any other man in the country, on his own account, beside a great many that he has put in for others, only paying for such as passed inspection.

THE SYSTEM OF INSPECTION.

Up to the time of the burning of Post & Nichols's stable in Twenty-fourth street, the horses were inspected there by Capt. Thomas J. Barr, who, notwithstanding he had the name of being pretty rigid, gave general satisfaction to the dealers, because they soon learned that all sound horses, of suitable size and tolerably fair action, would be accepted, and none that were unsound or in any way evidently unfit for service would be received. So, too, none were rejected from caprice, or without some reason as evident to the owner as it was to the inspector.

Under this excellent system Government had no trouble in getting horses. All the horse men were acting as its agents. Mr. Holcomb has often furnished 500 to 1,000 at a month's notice; the number rejected bearing so small a proportion to the number received, that buyers were not discouraged, but for a small profit in prospective were willing to take all the risk which really belonged to Government. In this way, Mr. Holcomb alone has sometimes had three hundred horses on hand, waiting an order from the Quartermaster, to select and pay for. Other dealers have had as many more, and parties from the country were constantly arriving and putting up horses in the city stables at an expense of 75 cents a day each, waiting for an order to offer them for inspection.

At present the whole system is changed. During the rebuilding of the burned stables, the place of inspection was moved to Twenty-eighth street, which was a great improvement. Lately the inspection has been done by Capt. McKee, a young cavalry officer, who appears to be a good judge of a horse, and knows exactly what "the regulations" of the "regular service" require, but if he knows how to get horses as fast as the exigencies of Government require, then we are mistaken. At least, we hear dealers swear, equal to "our army in Flanders," that they will not buy horses for Government to have one-third accepted and two-thirds rejected, which is about the rate of the present system.

WHAT KIND OF HORSES ARE WANTED.

The standard of the "red tape" order of things appears to be that adopted a very long time ago, by the "cavalry service," when but few horses were wanted, and when buyers could "pick and choose." Hence the number rejected under the present system of inspection. Formerly any good, sound, active horse, with no decided blemish, though he might have faults for family use, would "pass inspection" as an army horse in this market. Good saddle-horses were not expected. Every sensible man knows that farmers in the Northern States train all their horses to harness, and do nearly all their riding on wheels. The race of saddle-horses has run out. But any good farm-horse, farmers have supposed, would make a good army horse, and so long as those who bought them thought so too, there has been no difficulty in getting as many as Government wanted, at very low prices. Under the new system of inspection this may be more difficult.

WHY MARES ARE NOT USED FOR ARMY HORSES.

The only sensible reason that we have heard alleged as the reason why mares are not used as army horses, is the one given by Gen. Meigs—that, by a rule of the War Department, absolutely excluding them from the service, they would be all kept at home, and while answering all the purposes of the farm, would be used for breeding, and thus keep up the supply. All who know anything about horses are aware that mares are more serviceable than geldings, but the reason for not using them is a good one, and one that alone would conduce success to the Union Army, for it would insure a continued supply of horses, which the Rebels cannot count upon. The present stock is all they have. When that fails, all fails. They have no reserve to fall back upon.

Grapes.

THEIR CULTURE.—Now is the time to prepare for planting a vine. If you intend to do it next Spring, you must get ready this Fall. Perhaps the following items will stimulate you. The first is from *The Philadelphia Ledger*. Its advice suits other localities:

GRAPE CULTURE IN CITIES.—Every year, as this season comes round, those who have in former years planted good vines rejoice that they have done so; and those who have not become sensible of their loss. There is not a man with a yard ten feet square, on which the sun shines, but might plant a vine to advantage. It is the best of all fruit for city cultivation, because it can be trained to grow just where the owner wishes—just where he can get the fruit and no one else. There are many persons who say that it is far cheaper to buy the grapes than to go to the expense of planting, and having a gardener three or four times a year to attend to them. But such persons have never known the luxury of sitting under their own vine, and watching the fruit ripen day by day, and plucking the ripe clusters just fresh as wanted, and without any stint from having to pay so much per pound. Many tenants think it not worth while to plant, when they may move in a year or two, and others reap all the advantage; but if every tenant would plant, all would soon reap the benefit. No doubt every landlord of a rented house would find a well-planted vine of the right sort so great an advantage on any premises, that it would enable him to obtain a better rent, or often to retain a desirable tenant. On this ground it would be worth while for every owner either to plant or encourage the planting of so grateful a luxury.

Within a few years the progress of grape culture has advanced astonishingly. Formerly only the Isabella and Catawba grapes were at all generally known, but now there are so many new and superior varieties, well-tried and easily obtained, and quite capable of standing the climate of Pennsylvania without protection, that it is unpardonable not to procure some of those natural pleasures prepared for us by the hand of the Great Architect of Nature. The Delaware grape is by the best judges considered superior to any other of the hardy varieties, and its sweetness of flavor, brilliancy, and early ripeness, render it unquestionably the most desirable for general cultivation. It is so superior to the Isabella that those who have once tasted it will desire to have their old fruit superseded by the new; and unless it were for the size of the fruit, it might be expected that in a few years the growth of the Isabella would be in danger of falling altogether into neglect. The only grape not cultivated in the hot-house which could at all compare in point of flavor with it, is the Diana, supposed to be an early seedling of the Catawba, possessing not quite its size, but much of the same richness of flavor, and in ripening so much earlier, and in such close, handsome clusters, that in many respects it about competes with the Delaware.

There are two systems of cultivating the vine; one, that adopted in Germany, of trimming the vines very short round an eight foot pole, which has the effect of increasing the size of the bunches very greatly, the strength which would have gone into the formation of wood being all thrown into the fruit. Some, however, think that this system takes somewhat from the fineness of the flavor of the best grapes. The other method is to let the vine send out its branches through as great a length of wood as possible. This both produces more grapes to the same number of vines, and is supposed to leave the flavor less gross and more delicate. There is no reason why most men should not plant one vine, and train it low and trim it very short, and another vine trimmed long, and accessible from the second and third stories.

It is hardly possible for the vine to be too highly nourished; the very richest soil and the strongest manures answer best, and it converts them into the richest and most delicate tasting fruit. By a little care, grapes can now be readily preserved by almost any housekeeper from the Fall to the following Spring, so that at any time through the long Winter, and sometimes as late as April or May, in case of sickness or friends, this fruit, fresh and in all or nearly all of its first rich flavor, may be easily secured. The Isabella grapes are said to keep best of any if gathered not too ripe and sealed at the end of each stalk when gathered from the vine, and hung in a room of the right temperature and moisture, or packed in barrels of clean bran or saw dust.

HOW TO KEEP THEM.—Select perfect clusters of any well-ripened grapes which you wish to preserve for Winter use, and spread them upon a floor, table, or boards, in a dry, airy room, not very light, and the cooler the better. In three or four weeks the stems will be dried; then look over the clusters and clip out with scissors any imperfect berries. Take a paper or wooden box not over six inches deep, and place cotton or paper shavings, or sweet sawdust, on the bottom, and cover it with tissue paper, and upon that lay clusters, without crowding, and cover with paper, and on that another layer of your packing and another sheet of paper, and then more grapes. If your boxes are so shallow they will only hold one layer, all the better. Tie up the boxes and pack them so that the air circulates all around freely, keeping them in a cool, dry, upper room until danger of freezing, unless your cellar is exactly suitable. In this way grapes can be kept all Winter, and if intended for market, transport the boxes without opening them, except one or two to prove that the fruit is in good order.

THE GRAPE CROP AT THE WEST.—A correspondent of *The Sandusky Register*, who has spent six days among the vineyards of Cincinnati, says that more than half the crop has been destroyed by the rot, and the vineyard of the late Mr. Longworth will not produce more than one-fourth of a crop. The Isabella and Catawba grape, especially, will hardly pay harvesting. The Concord and Marion Grape have been touched by the rot, and the Delaware vine will yield from 10 to 15 pounds.

The report from the grape vineyards in Missouri this year is very favorable. The Catawbas have yielded largely, and the principal culture here has been of that variety, though most of the others mentioned above are being rapidly introduced into our grape-growing districts.

MARRIED.

BAKER—STRONG—At Jamestown, N. Y., on Thursday, Oct. 15, [illegible] W. Baker of New-York, to [illegible] Strong, daughter of [illegible] Strong of Jamestown. No cards.

[illegible]

DIED.

ABBEY—At Watkins, N. Y., on Wednesday, Oct. 7, [illegible] Abbey, in the [illegible] year of his age.

[illegible]

The effort of the President to colonize 500 persons of color as the commencement of Half has proved a failure. Though several promotions were to be received with respectable persons to convey these people to their destination, it was ascertained at Aspinwall, when called for the steamer, that no vessel would be instituted. Every to the commission.

Boston Cattle Market,

BY REPORTER AND CORRESPONDENT.

Reported for The Tribune, for the week ending Oct. 21, 1863.

Cattle, Sheep, Swine, Hides, Tallow, Pelts, Calf Skins.

Beef cattle	3,500	3,500	3,500	
Cows and Calves	150	150	150	
Stores	1,000	1,000	1,000	
Sheep and Lambs	15,000	15,000	15,000	
Swine	1,000	1,000	1,000	
Hides	1	1	1	
Tallow	1	1	1	
Pelts	1	1	1	
Calf Skins	1	1	1	

Total ..... 19,653 Northern 8,153 Western 11,500

Beef Cattle.—Sales of Beef Cattle have been very quiet during the week, and the market has been very dull, and the prices have ruled lower than last week, and we have to report a decline of 50 cents per 100 lbs. on the average. Some few sales to close their stock, and some few sales to meet the wants of the trade, and some few sales to meet the wants of the trade, and some few sales to meet the wants of the trade